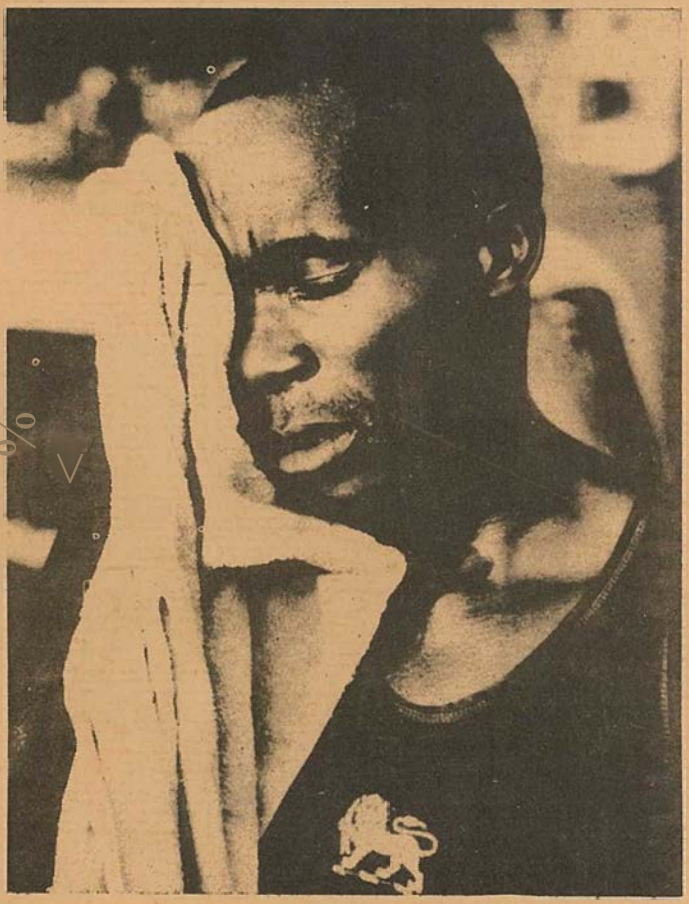
A Wilderness of Spite or Rhodesia Denied



John Cheffers

A WILDERNESS OF SPITE

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by

JOHN CHEFFERS

Photographs by David Paynter

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to two talented African sportsmen, Mathias Kanda and Bernard Dzoma, and to all people who still believe that sport has intrinsic value.

My Gratitude to

Margaret, Carol, Tom, Ben, Alan, Tony, Al, Phil, Lois, and Jean.

FOREWORD

Once every four years, the modern world focuses its attention upon the Olympic Games. This festival of physical ability, symbolizing the manifestation of what is believed to be a universal value system embodied in the concept of *Olympism,* reminds Sle of all nations, paradoxically, of the equality of man.

stically, the Olympic arena proves to be as much a testing ground for the stated ideals of man as for his athletic prowess. Thus, when the freedom of the spirit of participation is stifled by political maneuverings, any truly universal identification with the dignity of man must suffer. *A Wilderness of Spite* concerns human dignity, particularly as it is mirrored in the context of the quadrennial Olympiads.

In 1968, John Cheffers found himself in the unique position of being the National Track and Field Coach of the sole defenseless nation excluded from participation in the Mexico Olympics. Rhodesia, for reasons which were never made clear, but which become apparent in *A Wilderness of Spite,* was barred entry to the 19th Olympiad. One of the smallest nations in the world, Rhodesia found herself becoming, in the twelve-months prior to the Games, a pawn in an international game of political chess. Allegations of racial discrimination and secessionist politics served self-righteous national governments in their efforts to try Rhodesia in the international Olympic court.

Athletes, in general, can be said to be indifferent to politics. This was especially true of the Rhodesian athletes, some of whom could neither read nor write; yet their lack of interest in politics might be seen as the antithesis of the fervor they felt for their homelands to which they could bring national honors. Indeed, national pride may run deeper in athletes from smaller nations. Certainly, the Olympic Games provide a unique opportunity for an "unknown" country to be given international recognition by the outstanding efforts of one of its sons. Ethiopia gained prominence through the name of Akila Abebe.

Like Ethiopia, Rhodesia is a young, developing country on the

A WILDERNESS OF SPITE

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DAVID PAYNTER

One of the most decorated photographers ever to film the exciting events in post-war Africa, David Paynter serves just a sample of his genius in *A Wilderness of Spite.*

His masterpiece, showing Mathias Kanda running against the train *(Page 7),* was granted the World Associated Press Picture of the Month Award in June 1968. To get this rare photograph, Paynter, after making painstaking preparations lay beside the tracks and timed the take to perfection: Seconds later, the steaming, puffing giant lumbered past, just inches from his recumbent form. To David Paynter, this palling experience was "all in a day's work."

The author is grateful to the *Rhodesia Herald* and the *Sunday Mail* for permission to reproduce samples of this fine artist's expertise.

CHAPTER 1

EXCLUSION

Rhodesia's Olympic Games Team would not be in Mexico City. The telex read:

> "In view of decisions reported through various news channels, we deprecate the lack of direct and official communication from the Mexico Olympic Authorities to this Association. Discourtesy is not normally a failing of Latin-American races. In accepting enforced exclusion from the 1968 Mexican Olympics, we express the hope that interference-authorized or assumed—by the United Nations in the affairs of the International Olympic movement will not create that type of unity between sportsmen, which currently exists between nations. True British sportsmen—and there are many throughout the world—will hail this politically inspired victory as the greatest since Peterloo. Sport has now been devalued more heavily than sterling. To our own sportsmen of all races, selected, but denied the privilege of competing, we apologise."

This official communique from Douglas Downing, President of the National Olympic Committee of Rhodesia, concluded with a special word of praise for Avery Brundage, President of the International Olympic Committee.

> "A man of great courage and a worthy successor to the founder of the modem Olympics. His voice cries in a wilderness of spite."

I sat on an upturned box in the comer of the photographic room in the *Rhodesia Herald* with my face buried deep in my hands. This sickening feeling of helplessness had been lingering

since June. Slowly I reread the telex, searching for some ray of light, something to which I could attach optimism, and thinking possibly there was a way out still. Possibly the International Olympic Committee or the International Amateur Athletic Federation or some other official body would speak out and defend the rights of the small country. But I knew now, as I had secretly known for a long time, that Rhodesia had no chance of taking part in the Games of the 19th Olympiad in Mexico City. The room was thick with emotion.

"That's it!" said Ken Owen of the *Herald* Africa News Service, and he bustled around getting the story into shape for the first release.

I lifted my eyes to meet those of Mathias Kanda for the first time. The large white balls with black dots for pupils were trained unfalteringly on me. They were enquiring and sad, with just the trace of a tear at the one side. How could he understand the situation? This deplorable state of affairs, when his own black brothers in Northern and Central Africa had wreaked such spiteful vengeance on an innocent man from the South. It was none of Mathias' doing. A machinist in a Bulawayo clothing factory, he had spent all his leisure hours running around the streets, up and down the local hills, and in particular the African cinder track with the borrowed name of "White City." He had moved from this job and made the journey to Salisbury to train alongside Bernard Dzoma in preparation for the marathon at the Games. Running was his whole life. It is true to say that he knew little else. Averaging up to 18 miles a day for the last 10 months, the Games were to climax six years of thorough and testing application. Now, one month before the team was due to leave, Mathias stood looking at me, disillusioned and quiet, sad and bewildered. He turned slowly, leaned on two lifeless arms and stared vacantly out of the third-story window.

I flared angrily. What right had vindictive and smelly politicians to deprive this lad of his life's ambition—an ambition so full of merit? The Olympic Games represent the facets of man's existence, and his thinking, which are good and wholesome. Yet, here in Africa, they were to be used as another pawn in the highly amoral game of politics, and the little people—or should we say the really big people?—in this world were being made to suffer.

His shoulders had slumped even further by now. I rose quietly—my anger abated, its place filled with the hopeless feeling of despair and frustration—and went across to him.

"Mathias, you are not going to Mexico. We will have to try and find something else for you. I am very sorry, but no one in this room or this country can do anything about it. You have earned the highest honour this country can give, but it is of no use. But you, Mathias, have done nothing wrong. We will run again in the morning and continue as before for the rest of the month."

I turned to David Paynter, chief photographer for the *Rhodesia Herald* and the man who was responsible for Mathias' temporary Salisbury employment, and looked at him enquiringly.

"We agreed to employ him until the team left," said David, "and this we will do. I would like to keep him here for good, but we will have to wait and see."

Slowly, quietly, Mathias drifted into the darkroom and faded from sight.

His teammate Bernard Dzoma already knew of the iniquitous decision, having guessed the situation at training the night before. Though I did not mention it to Bernard, he saw it in my face and broke down and cried. He was much more literate and accomplished than Mathias. His English expression was first-rate and his writing well above average. A carpenter with the Rothman's organization in Salisbury, his name was a household word throughout the whole of Rhodesia. His record-breaking season, culminating in Olympic selection, had enthused everyone, and his prospects at the Games looked exceedingly bright. Born in Umtali, Bernard had sacrificed the chance of marrying a young girl to prepare for these Olympics. He lived in simple circumstances in the heavily populated Harari African township which forms the majority of southern Salisbury on the 5,000-foot plateau of central Rhodesia.

Just a stone's throw from the cinder track, Bernard pounded this area for many miles each day. I used to rise at 5:30 and meet him. He would cover at least ten miles, sometimes more, before breakfast, then journey into Salisbury proper; for he had to be at work by 8:30 a.m. At 4:30 each afternoon, I would pick him up and, after stopping for Mathias, take him to the Borrowdale Race Course on the other side of the city. Here, on surfaces ranging

from sawdust to sand to grass to dirt, Bernard would cover at least another 8 miles in precision running against the uncompromising stopwatch. The night before had been the last straw for Bernard.

"You know, Mr. Cheffers, I do not enjoy running the distances you make me. I do this because of Mexico. It is hard. I sweat much—I'm sore between the legs and my leg aches at times. I have shoes that are too big in training, and my spikes cost so much money. I have not been home to Umtali for months, and now you say I cannot go to Mexico."

A very bitter Bernard Dzoma glared angrily out of the car window that night; and I felt the sharp lethal nature of the affair deeply.

What could I say in reply? I stumbled out some very inadequate words.

"There are a great many spiteful people in this world, Bernard, and right now the sum total of their efforts is turned full on Rhodesia's Olympic hopes. You are the unwilling football in this nasty political game."

He did not train the next day, and for a whole week I saw nothing of Bernard.

Fifteen other Rhodesian Olympians felt the acute pain of these two Africans that night, and many an angry word was hissed through clenched teeth from hotel bars to kitchen-table settings. Then I saw the strange toughness of the Rhodesian people, black and white, emerge yet again, epitomized in the statement heard as I buried my head deep into a draught of Castle lager.

"If the bloody Poms think they can smoke us out by these methods, they are so wrong. We will be all the harder to beat now."

Avery Brundage was quoted five days later as saying the only reason for Rhodesia's inability to get to the Games was that no airline would carry them to Mexico. Another wave of anger rippled through the people, as it was generally known that at least two international airlines with landing rights at Mexico City had vied for the contract and were only waiting for the Mexicans to honour their original invitation and supply entry forms and travel documents. In spite of repeated requests from the Rhodesian National Olympic Committee, no entry forms were received, and only one travel document found its way across the

Atlantic. Press representative Fred Cleary—the holder of a British passport—who was to cover the Games for Southern Africa, was the lucky recipient. To my knowledge, an explanation has yet to be received from the organizing authorities in Mexico, giving substance to Douglas Downing's embittered accusation of discourtesy. The only statement issued from Mexico was the press release that said in substance—no Rhodesian plane would be allowed to land on Mexican soil, and no Rhodesian team would be accepted in Mexico City. Mexico preferred to abide by the United Nations' travel ban on Rhodesians rather than uphold the principles of the Olympic Charter, which unequivocably declares a sacred truce for the period of the Games.

To my mind, what had happened to the Rhodesian team represented a blatant contravention of Rule 1 of the Olympic Games Charter; and I was bitter again when I read it that night just before retiring:

> "The Olympic Games are held every four years. They assemble amateurs of all nations in fair and equal competition. No discrimination is allowed against any country or person on grounds of race, religion or political affiliation."

CHAPTER 2

HOW DID IT ALL START?

What was I, an Australian, doing in Rhodesia in the first place? It all started in July 1967, when Arthur Hodsdon, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of Australia, received a letter of enquiry from the Rhodesia National Sport Foundation. The corresponding Australian Foundation (the Rothman's National Sport Foundation) had originally been contacted, and in placing the matter in Arthur's hands, had suggested my name—apparently with my New Guinea experiences in mind. Much of the work in Rhodesia would be done with the natives, so it was desirable to have a coach with some experience in handling indigenous sportsmen. New Guinea had taught me much.

My first view of the black man in his own environment was of sturdy Papuans loading the hold of the Ansett-A.N.A. Electra at Port Moresby. They looked bold and strong, clad only in lap-laps; their bronzed muscles contracted and relaxed with each fluid exercise. A rude shock awaited me at Lae, however, where diminutive and stunted Highlanders lined the tarmac. Babies were suckling from diseased mothers' breasts; and the legs of wizened-up old women were spread, gaping in ugly nonchalance, revealing intimate areas I had always held sacred. The men, their lips swollen and red and their teeth blackened and rotting with incessant betel-nut chewing, stared with unseeing eyes and drugged facial expressions.

Fortunately, it did not take long for me to learn that these were bush people, nomadic in nature, and yet virtually untouched by civilization. The Tolais of Rabaul presented a very different picture. Strong, intelligent and quick to action, these traditionally independent islanders have long been the leaders of the New Guinea people. I spent many a day in their company and came to like and respect them. Damian Midi, a roguish primary-school teacher and 400-metre specialist from Malabunga, was a res-

ponsible and resourceful character, whilst Naomi Tarangal, an 18-year-old sprinter from the local High School, presented a blending of beauty and brains to have many suitors for her hand. When teaching these New Guineans to run, jump and throw, one had to use simple language, remembering that, after all, they were learning in their second language, and that experience of anything outside village and small-town life was non-existent.

One little girl, a long jumper called Delilah Exon, clearly demonstrated this at Noumea during the first day of the South Pacific Games in December 1966. She made the hazardous journey from the marshalling point to the long jump pit in a dream. So frightened of the large crowd and the carnival atmosphere, she froze stiff, as if rooted to the spot. Helpful French officials tried to persuade her to jump, but could get nowhere. Speaking to her in French of course did nothing to alleviate the situation, and eventually I was called onto the track to assist. She barely recognized me. Eventually I managed to take her to the end of the run-up; she charged down the runway and took off some inches behind the board. A jump of 16 feet was registered, and that was her first and last effort, as she took to the stands immediately afterwards and was only located again much later in the afternoon.

The task of coaching many of these youngsters (Delilah was 15 years old) spread well beyond the normal definition of a coach's duties. Their very outlook on life is so often at stake. I held no prejudices against the black man, being born in a country where there are so few, and was intensely interested to see what progress the New Guineans had made. I have often reflected on this attitude to see if it is real and not engendered by pseudo-sympathy, or merely conformity to current world thinking. I was fortunate, too, in coming from such a settled country as Australia. I think it has been said that our only rebellion took place at Ballarat in 1854. A miner called Peter Lalor persuaded 1200 miners to burn their gold-mining licenses in protest against a price increase; and to give substance to their grievances, 130 of them occupied the summit of a nearby hill and declared themselves members of the Republic of Eureka. Their existence lasted two days before 800 troopers effected a shattering defeat. So few other nations today have experienced such a peaceful and constitutional path to maturity, that the Australian is due for many shocks when he travels abroad.

The teacher-coach was needed for the Rhodesian job equally as much as in New Guinea. I was interested and excited at the prospect of a protracted contract in an African country where so much raw talent existed, and yet about which so much controversial opinion was held. Assured that the Rhodesia National Sport Foundation was non-political in constitution and that I would be working with all races alike, I willingly tendered my acceptance of the nomination. My employer, the Education Department of Victoria, at this late stage in the year and with the prospect of political involvement, was unable to grant leave-of-absence; so I resigned. The reactions of my friends varied widely. Headmaster Bill Baker wished me luck; a liberally-minded staff member said that I was out of my mind; whilst another offered to carry my bags. Most agreed that it was an opportunity not to be missed, although all had reservations about the outcome of the political situation. Johnny Rowse, a crony in many earlier escapades, summed up by saying, "Jack, you've been dying to do something like this for thirteen years now—so go to it, and good luck. Security is something you create for yourself—it should never be created for you. Too much initiative is lost from young people these days through the shackling ties of steady but unimaginative employment."

What did I know of Rhodesia? The old cynicism that goes—all I know is what I read in the papers—was very true in my case. Rhodesia had illegally declared independence from Great Britain in November 1965, and earned for itself the fury of the world. Economic sanctions had been immediately imposed on her vital tobacco industry, and supposedly crippling restrictions on the import of oil. Mr. Harold Wilson had forecast a downfall of the Smith regime within six weeks, and Mr. Smith had been pictured astride a push-bike, with the apparent objective of encouraging fellow Rhodesians to economize on the use of petrol.

"Smithy," as he was called, had fallen out with his erstwhile friend, the British elected Governor, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, and this venerable gentleman was staying put amidst a sea of speculation as to his immediate future. The African nations to the North were clamouring for military intervention, whilst France and Russia abstained from censoring Rhodesia in the "Sanctions Bill" at the United Nations on the grounds that it was Great Britain's affair, and she should be able to keep her house in order. Australia

was dutifully following every lead from Britain, but New Zealand raised a feeble voice and questioned the advisability of sanctions. The reasons given for all the fuss were centered around alleged ill-treatment of the 4% million Africans, whom it was said were given no say in the affairs of their country.

I saw one Press photograph and heard of another which aroused real antagonism in the Western countries and worried me considerably. One depicted black children scurrying in the lane behind "The Ambassador Hotel," with a few diving their hands deep into rubbish bins in search of food. The sight of pitiful children at any time is bound to raise queries from even the most cynical of adults; but when, as the caption implied, this poverty is the result of racial bigotry, then tempers very quickly become frayed. The bins had been conveniently moved to a spot behind meshed wire to convey the impression of restriction. It was not until I reached Salisbury in January and stayed at the Ambassador for a fortnight that the real circumstances were revealed to me by totally reliable sources. The photographers had placed tikkies (threepenny pieces) in these rubbish bins, and in so baiting the children, had manufactured the very circumstances the outside world was waiting to see. The world press, in a situation like this, can at times be criminally misleading and wholly immoral.

Another photograph depicted Africans dying of starvation in Cecil Square. This beautiful civic monument was littered with recumbent black bodies and immediately awakened anti-Rhodesian sentiments. The Rhodesians, the caption said, did not bother to bury their dead Africans. Again this ruse was exploded when I saw how many people ate their lunches in this park around midday, and, of course, many of them dozed off in siesta fashion. The Rhodesians are not entirely innocent here, however, as a number of the sleeping bodies belong to the ranks of the unemployed; and this problem, I was to learn later, is the most serious one facing Rhodesia today.

At this time, the imaginative press had conjured up a vivid picture of the world into which I was moving—along with many pessimistic predictions and previews of immediate future tragedy. It was little wonder that I asked myself many times, "Is this really a wise thing you are about to do?"

On successive nights during the two weeks prior to leaving

Australia I attended parties and made intriguing contacts. At the first, I met a young man who, upon hearing that I was off to Rhodesia soon, warned me of impending trouble. He was a member of the "Rhodesia Independence Movement"; and, as he was a university lecturer who had spent six months in Rhodesia, I was inclined to take his word seriously. He called the white Government "fascist pigs," accusing them of atrocities against the black majority and of practicing racial discrimination in education, society as a whole, and especially in sport. This disturbed me.

"You will have to take sides," he said.

I asked him how serious the situation was, and he replied that he and other members of his independence movement were at the stage of throwing bombs. I had heard stories of university people who had been expelled from Rhodesia for making bombs for Africans to throw at other Africans, so I decided to treat this fellow's word with reserve and judge for myself in the months to come.

The party of the second night provided quite a contrast. A blue FJ Holden in the drive proudly sported the words "Back Ian Smith in Rhodesia." So I decided the owner of this car must be approached. He turned out to be a happy character, whose mother owned a farm next to Mr. Ian Smith's in Selukwe. Quite naturally, he was an ardent supporter of the white regime and furnished a very different picture to that of the student the night before. He was a little too glowing, however, so my feeling of reserve returned, and I eagerly awaited confrontation with the people and geography of this controversial land.

CHAPTER 3

ARRIVAL IN RHODESIA

A wet farewell from Melbourne one very sunny day corresponded with an equally damp exit out of Sydney the next day. The plane trip across the Indian Ocean is particularly fatiguing; and the expansive tarmac of Jan Smuts Airport, situated midway between Johannesburg and Pretoria, was a welcome sight. South Africa had always interested me. The conglomerate mixture of races, all with widely divergent cultures, and the universally unpopular solution of apartheid held a specific intrigue. Fortunately for my curiosity, I was met at the international terminal by two celebrated athletic personalities, virtually kidnapped from the Rhodesian plane and induced into spending two days with them in Pretoria. John Short, National Athletic Coach, and the internationally famous hurdler Gert Potgieter, were the two principal actors in the crime. Melbourne people will remember Potgieter's inopportune crash at the 10th hurdle in the 1956 Olympic Games final, just when he appeared to have the measure of the American Glenn Davis; and Romans will never forget this unfortunate athlete's near-fatal car smash in Germany, a mere fortnight before they opened their Games of the 17th Olympiad in 1960.

These two were hospitable to a fault. John dropped me at a well-known hotel, looked into my tired eyes, and said, "Johnny, you must be all-in and needing rest. Go up to your room, lie down, take a bath, unpack your bags, and breathe in some genuine South African air—and I'll pick you up for dinner in 15 minutes' time."

The next morning I woke early and went to the window to observe the streets below. I saw the Bantu for the first time. His loping over-stride, erect head and carriage, prominent lower lip and exaggerated lumbar lordosis confirmed every mental image I had ever held. Solemnly he padded the streets, or swept and

washed footpaths, or pushed little barrows to and fro, or just propped his upper body precariously on tilted legs and conversed with a passing brother, or issued rude comments to a much-harassed Umfasi.

I could see no evidence of apartheid on the streets. Black and white men intermingled without apparent hostility. The experience of black waiters at breakfast was not uncommon, especially after New Guinea, and although subdued in posture, they appeared cheerful. The slow breaking of an African's face into a broad, toothy grin and short childlike laugh is a warming experience. In most cases, the South African white man is very good with his black co-citizen, and the days of "nigger-kicking" appear to be long in the past. My experiences on this and subsequent trips confirmed what I had always believed, and that is, the solution of apartheid is an interesting but extreme measure. It is an attempt by the white man to preserve the dignity of race. It might even work out one day if the black man is given equality of work, voting rights, freedom of expression and quality in educative experience. However, one thing was very evident, and that was the austerity of thinking at official level. There was no television in South Africa, and to be seen talking to a person of different race was viewed with suspicion; to sleep with a colored woman, a punishable crime; and multi-racial gatherings of any nature were frowned upon. It was pleasing to see, however, that the sporting facilities provided for the Bantu were first-rate; and I couldn't help but conjecture in what time the great Paul Nash would run the 100 metres if he were to grace the lightning-fast cinder surface of the Libanon Mine track.

With two convivial and interesting days in South Africa behind me, I waited in the departure terminal for the Viscount aeroplane which was to take me to rebel Rhodesia. The financial pages of the *Rand Daily Mail* headlined a statement by the Rhodesian Finance Minister that record gross annual income figures had been achieved in the previous year. One of the many predictions featured on the future of Rhodesia painted such a rosy picture that I wondered if I really was going to the right place after all.

Three hours of steady droning, and the descent into Salisbury Airport brought the first surprise. The runway was enormous—the largest I had seen. The hostess, an attractive redhead, ex-

plained that this was built to take the huge international jet airliners from Europe and Asia but had had little use since November 1965. There seemed to be no shortage of propeller aircraft at the airport, so I quickly assumed that the place was still civilized.

A modest, bespectacled gentleman wearing an English-style sports jacket and sporting a soft white hat was the first to take my hand. The greeting from Philip Kennedy, Vice President of the Athletic Union and the authority on the statistical performances of all Rhodesian athletes, was followed by the jovial, hard-working husband-and-wife team, Fred and Burnice Davies, and concluded with my first introduction to the man with whom all my correspondence had been conducted—the controversial, portly, warm-hearted and peppery Eric Shore. All were to become close friends in the ensuing months.

Salisbury was green at this time of the year, and for the next two months, January and February, the wet season sent Rhodesians scattering for shelter, with heavy rains and violent outbursts of thunder and forked lightning. The ultra-violet rays of the sun, so much more lethal in the rarefied atmospheric conditions of the 5,000-foot altitude, glared brilliantly in between the spasmodic but dense overcast.

A Rhodesian sunset is a very beautiful sight: the panoramic rouge lighting up the odd white cloud and a shallow film of dust so exalted into romantic hue. Dusk begins with a skyline of pink, then deepens into a rich red; then just prior to the falling away of the natural light source, ribbons of different reds stretch across the ample horizon ... a bruised red continuing the earth's line, then rich velvet, and finally a bluish hue with thinning texture. The Rhodesian sunset is very much part of an appeal I soon learnt to understand. Locals define it as "the call of Africa."

I asked many questions during the fifteen-minute car trip from the airport to Salisbury proper. How settled were the Africans? How serious were the terrorist threats from Zambia and Tanzania? Was there likely to be mihtary invasion by Great Britain or the United Nations? And how unified were people behind Smith and his unilateral declaration of independence? The questions were answered briefly and with admirable prejudice. It was obvious that these Rhodesians were now highly nationalist in sentiment and very much behind the Ian Smith regime. My

questions turned to athletics. There were two main provinces: Matabeleland, with Bulawayo as its capital, and Mashonaland in the North, with Salisbury as principal city. The other provinces, those of the Midlands and the area around Umtali (birthplace of Bernard Dzoma) called Manicaland, were separate only in name, and usually allied themselves with one or the other of the main districts. The standards reached by the athletes were not yet very high. One or two brilliant ex-South Africans had settled in Rhodesia, representing her in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Perth in 1962 and again in Tokyo in 1964, and had rewritten the erstwhile low-standard record book. One indigenous European stood out above all others in athletic achievement. His successes were all the more remarkable because of the limited opportunities afforded to him for top-line coaching and hard competition in the past. Unfortunately, he had retired three years before I arrived on the scene, due to a persistent leg injury, and his chances of a comeback were now gone. Terry Sullivan, one of the five men to break the four-minute-mile barrier in that sensational Dublin run, won by Australian Herb Elliot in 1958, was the finest athlete yet produced by Rhodesia. A bronze medalist in the mile at Perth four years earlier, Terry had become embittered after failure to gain selection in the 1964 Olympic Games team for Tokyo and had dropped out of athletics. His story, one so often repeated in amateur sport, caused me to make yet another mental note for the future in the "Mistakes Not To Make" column.

A basket of fruit from Derry Chisolm awaited me in the room at the celebrated and multi-racial Ambassador Hotel. The next morning I inspected the Police Athletic Track and began meeting the local athletes and coaches. Gerald Brown, a physical education graduate from Loughborough College in England, was the most highly qualified of them. He had earned, as a long jumper, a bronze medal in Vancouver in 1954. Gerald had been appointed national coach for a two-year period several years before, but had the unhappy experience of clashing with the committee set up to administer his program and was noticeably bitter. Happily, we struck a tuneful note from the outset and were able to work together quite harmoniously.

My thoughts reflected again for a little while on the stupidity of petty squabbling, so rampant within the administrative walls

of amateur sport. So much harm is done by selfish grasping people that their mutual suspicions invariably are to the detriment of the very sport they purport to assist. It is true to say that a professional is a big man, but the amateur, who selflessly gives of his spare time and places the objectives of his sport above his personal ambition, is an even bigger man.

In my first week I was asked many times what exactly was my purpose and along what lines would I plan the task that lay ahead. Aims and objectives can often be nebulous things—mere words written on paper; but then, of course, without them, the plotting of an effective course is impossible. Much thought finally crystallized in the following, which formed the basis of my official report many months later:

1. To lift the standard of athletics in Rhodesia generally and to create a greater public interest in athletics.
2. To work with teachers and current coaches towards better quality of instruction and coaching.
3. To interest schools in the teaching of athletics.
4. To work with senior athletes in the hope of producing a worthy team for the 1968 Mexico Olympics.
5. To plan ahead for future international athletic experiences with the junior talent available.
6. To search out and find hitherto undiscovered talent.
7. To work with a multi-racial sporting situation and to adapt teaching methods suitable for proper learning with these respective groups.

CHAPTER 4

THE GRAND TOUR BEGINS

I quickly familiarized myself with the educational system, finding that the Asians, Coloureds, and Europeans were administered by one authority and all African education was governed by another. I was told this was necessary because of the very real differences in standards of living; the cultural differences, which existed at primary level, did not really become compatible until university age. The University College of Rhodesia was a completely multi-racial institution, catering for any and every student who successfully reached the required academic standard. A few powerful separatists had managed to persuade the Minister of Education, Mr. Philip Smith, into effecting a ban on the playing of multi-racial sport on Education Department lands; consequently, all multi-racial fixtures had to be programmed for either church schools or the African playing fields. Any European youngster wishing to play against teams comprising members of other races had to furnish written evidence of his parents' consent. One delightful story from a very big boys' school in Bulawayo tells of four cricketers who refused to take part in the final against a neighbouring coloured school. They were dropped in favour of four others who had not been subjected to such racial bigotry, causing the European school to lose the final. To my mind, there were two victories that day and only four boys on the losing side.

Although the Ministry of Education, several times during the year, claimed their policy was the popular one, they were the target of consistent attacks by parent associations and civic-minded community groups. As I travelled from one school to another over a period of nine months, I only ever heard two teachers defend this policy, and countless numbers either strongly condemned or dismissed it as exceedingly shortsighted. One highly-appointed governmental official exemplified the surprise

of most Rhodesians when I told him that this unfortunate ban had been one of the few news items which pushed Vietnam off the front page of Australian newspapers.

The facilities in the schools were, in the main, outstanding. Very few schools were without a swimming pool, so necessary in such a land-locked country; and the familiar sight of the two upright poles and one adjoining bar for goal posts was in ample evidence. Hockey is another game which the Rhodesians play well, especially the girls; but the very English contests, rugby and cricket, were the revered expression of their physical endeavour. Athletics is sandwiched into a short six-weeks' season and some token expression of tennis is attempted.

The African schools featured an entirely different emphasis. Soccer, cycling and athletics are the main sports, with some cricket and tennis indulged in by the minority. Boxing was becoming more popular. The African has never been interested in swimming. His non-contact with the sea and the long dry season, evidenced in sandy and dried-up rivers, are probably the main reasons. Water to the African is strictly for drinking and washing, never for entertainment; and it is considered unclean, once the women have bathed in it. The insidious presence of the "scourge of all Africa," bilharzia, is also another reason why educated Rhodesians, black and white, are discouraged from the cascading joys of the many water sports.

The channelling of the huge profits from the African beer-halls back into township and village recreational facilities is providing more and more opportunity for the indigenous schools to profitably occupy the leisure hours of their many pupils. The crisis in African education, however, is coming through the explosive increase in population. Over half of the whole black population of Rhodesia is under 21 years of age. The walls of schools are bulging, and many community halls and residences are being used to cope with the continuous line of hopeful little ones, eagerly awaiting admittance. The African parent in most cases today places great emphasis on his offspring's education. He is illiterate himself, yet plainly sees the fruits enjoyed by his fellow brothers who have had the fortune to be educationally qualified.

Coaching in the African schools is enjoyable. The children hold none of their parents' inhibitions or prejudices; they laugh

easily and join in any and all of the activities prescribed. The girls are very shy. It took me several weeks to find out why they were reticent to swing their arms when sprinting. An embarrassed teacher eventually suggested the reason could have been the absence of upper-torso foundation garments.

The first stage of a grand familiarization tour of Rhodesia began at the Mangula Mine just 120 miles north of Salisbury and only a few miles from the great Zambezi Valley. The employment of 2,000 African workmen necessitated an important emphasis on welfare. Sporting teams, on the one hand and the ever-popular beer hall on the other, comprised the two extremes. The athletic team, so close to being the strongest in Rhodesia, enjoyed universal respect. The squad had been started some years previously by an enthusiastic welfare officer in Francis de Cock, and now continued to flourish under the close scrutiny of David Clinic er. Atwell Mandaza, a 9.8-second 100-yard sprinter, and Wilfred Ngwenya, the finest all-rounder in Rhodesia today, were the two stars of the team. Ngwenya had reached 230' with rhe men's javelin to surely rank one of the world's best black throwers. The squad trained hard: road work each morning and a two-hour session on the cinders each afternoon had the athletes in good cardio-vascular and cardio-respiratory condition. David Clinker, who was beginning his career as a coach, relied heavily on African coach Lot Ndhlovu.

Lot was a former champion distance runner who had almost made the 1964 Tokyo Games team. He was an intelligent, responsible and popular African, whose painstaking attention to detail stamped him as one coach I could help greatly. It is difficult for Australians to understand the effect that witchcraft can have on people from these lesser-developed countries. Perhaps if we look at superstitious people who are afraid to walk under ladders or shudder at the sight of black cats, we can understand the compelling and frightening effect magic has on the African. Lot Ndhlovu had been told by a local witch doctor four years before that he could never run again. Possibly in the pay of a rival tribe, this curse of humanity had cast a spell on Lot, telling him that he would have acute recurring pains in the head if he ever tried to run competitively again. Lot Ndhlovu believed him.

I was inclined to disbelief when first told the story. The

arduous grind of training needed for distance running has produced some convincing excuses from athletes of all colours and all nations, and I suspected that witchcraft was the readily acceptable evasive ruse from Africa. It did not take long, however, to see how iniquitously realistic a grasp this magic had on the black man. He firmly believes, to the onset of pain, that the spirits hold complete sway in his fortunes. The Mangula soccer team performed with incredible inconsistency. At the mere mention of an antagonistic spirit this talented ensemble collapsed; yet, should the pendulum be swinging in their direction, they were invincible. Many tilings have been tried to reduce the crippling effect of these witch doctors, but in the end, frustrated coaches resorted to the time-honoured principle—"if you cannot beat them, join them"—and employed witch doctors as part of the team. It then depended on whose medicine was the stronger on the day.

With no value to be gained in argument, I accepted Lot's explanation curtailing his career and concentrated on helping him to become an even better coach. He listened eagerly and approached me with many questions. With a natural flair for teaching, Lot went from strength to strength, especially with the school children, which naturally pleased the mine officials and all athletic authorities. His supervision of training sessions with the senior athletes was invaluable.

The Africans invited me to a little party on the last night of my stay. They had gone to no end of trouble preparing the food, briefing the band, and in selecting suitable concert-style items. Mangula is a mine which believes in preserving the existence of all tribes; I was to see patches of primitive cultures which varied from Zulu fervour to gentle and peaceful Mashona expression. The dances of the Mozambique warriors were exciting and distinctly gymnastic, and on casting my mind back to New Guinea, so much more energetic than anything seen in the Pacific Islands. Even the daring fertility dances of the Bainings, during their rare and cruel fire dance in the highlands of New Britain, could not match the vigour and abandon shown by these descendants of the once-great Zulu nation.

Gideon Chieza, leader of the African employees at Mangula, demonstrated qualities of strong leadership. The evening started with innocuous lemonade as the main thirst-quencher. Since it

was not the sort of party where athletes were keen to indulge in huge quantities of liquor, the thirstier non-participants present were faced with imminent dehydration. Then, Gideon interrupted the proceedings to announce the coming of a beer truck only 20 miles away.

A resounding cheer unsettled the foundations of the rafters. Some 20 minutes later, he returned to say that the beer truck was a mere 10 miles distant. Mounting enthusiasm greeted this remark. Then, 15 minutes later, the hall was hushed as he issued the next official communique: "The beer truck has broken down."

Abject dismay from a few resulted, but good-natured and spontaneous laughter from most. Finally the much-awaited carrier arrived, and all joined in the gregarious festivity. I noted with approval that the supply was just sufficient to quench the African thirst and not so plentiful that overindulgence was allowed to spoil the spirit of a very enjoyable evening.

I was told of the difficulties experienced by the welfare officers in the African concept of honesty. Tickling the till was common and theft an everyday problem, yet the African displayed remarkable honesty when confronted with his crime. He usually agreed with you, or said the thing he thought you most wanted to hear.

It can be a problem when you ask an African for directions to a certain area. "Is this the way to Highlands, Muscles?", will be greeted with a cheery "Yiss, boss"—and 10 minutes later you find that you are heading in the opposite direction.

I flew to Victoria Falls the next morning. A magnificent and breathtaking spectacle of cascading violence, the falls seemed to dwarf even the magnitude of David Livingstone's incredible adventures. An imposing statue depicts the great missionary explorer standing patiently and possessively over this natural phenomenon, as he must have done 100 years before. The hungry casino caters for those of speculative flair, and the many walks in the still night air with the distant roar of the falls provide the ideal venue for romantic diversion or soul-searching reflection. One day here was worth a month in any other tourist resort.

The trussed steel bridge stretching from Rhodesia to Zambia, across the narrow section of the Zambezi River, is subjected to the indignity of a line painted across the centre. One side is Rhodesia and the other side belongs to Zambia. In the past, guns

have pointed across the narrow span, and feeling from time to time is roused.

The two customs and immigration offices at each end of the bridge have many an amusing story to tell. One unfortunate Zambian official refused to allow an importer with a truckload of Easter eggs to enter the country. He said, "You have not got a poultry license, and no eggs will enter Zambia without this license." It took four hours of phone calls between Victoria Falls and Lusaka to finally convince the officer that Easter eggs did not fall in the province of poultry.

A second story told against the same officer is almost enough to immortalize him. Five South Africans with a joint travel document presented themselves at the Immigration Centre. The document had "Gerhadus Van Heerdon" under the name column and "South Africa" under nationality. The remaining four had their names written under "Van Heerdon" and the word "ditto" under "South Africa." The decision went this way:

"The four from Ditto can come in—we have no quarrel with Ditto—but not the one from South Africa."

The next day a car from the nearby Wankie Colliery called, and I was introduced to one of Ireland's soundest sons. I had not known Des Lawler longer than 10 minutes before I decided that he would henceforth be called, simply—Leprechaun. A sports officer for the last twelve years, this 40-year-old enthusiast was still the best soccer player in the colliery's highly successful football team, and his keenness for athletics had resulted in the establishment of Wankie as the heart of distance-running in Rhodesia. His prized pupil Robson Mrombe was second only to Mathias Kanda in all of Southern Africa. Regularly each morning, the whole Wankie athletics squad were to be seen pounding away along roads joining the three mines that compromise the colliery, and distances of up to 20 miles in one session were common. A steep one-mile climb to the top of the Baobab, on which is conveniently situated a most delightful oasis, provided the source for many afternoon training sessions, along with cinder-track facilities that were second to none in the country.

The Wankie athletes worked hard and, in the main, intelligently. They were a credit to Coach Lawler, whose fiery and independent nature produced many a clash with the mine management. These characteristics eventually led to a major split

with the senior officials, causing Des Lawler to return to Salisbury in June and the Wankie athletes to lose an excellent coach.

I met two outstanding African welfare officers during my stay at Wankie: Cyprian Ngomo, an amiable giant of 6'6", and Phineas Agida, an equally amiable but not so lofty triple-jumper, measuring 5'5" short. Both men were hard-working and relatively well-educated. Phineas asked questions interminably, whilst Cyprian closely watched every move with keen appreciation.

Wankie had been the scene of a disturbing strike by the African workers during the 1959-61 troublesome days in Rhodesia. Professional stirrers had been planted in the colliery inducing the men to lay down their tools. Apparently, up until this time, the attitude of the management towards the African had been liberal and generous. The hearts of many Rhodesians hardened after these disastrous and poorly-governed two years of unrest, and the mine officials at Wankie were no exception. Phineas and Cyprian, however, were happy, positive Africans who were far from disgruntled, and Coach Lawler received invaluable assistance from these two. Two of the athletes were under surveillance because the authorities were not too certain where their sympathies lay. Charles Mafeka, a talented middle-distance runner, was one of them. Charles was difficult to get to know as an athlete, and although he worked hard on the track was always socially reticent. I hoped at the time that he would find in athletics a worthy and positive means for restoring faith in himself, and that he personally would benefit from the increased job-potential that sporting success brings.

Striding alongside and sometimes ahead of Charles in all training sessions was the finest athletic potential I have seen. He looked every bit an Olympic gold-medallist. I was delighted at this prospect: a tall, beautifully balanced and long-striding black man called Vyani Fulunga. He reeled off 12 x 440's without any sign of discomfort. A comparative newcomer, I immediately questioned Des Lawler for details.

"Oh, John! Isn't he beautiful to watch?" enthused Des, "but he is yet so immature—he is just a baby."

And Des was right. Vyani would record 48.0 seconds for the 440 yards one day, and be beaten in 50.1 the next. He had no confidence in himself. Yet this same athlete six months later earned nomination from the Rhodesian selectors for the Olympic

Games team. Many African athletes were like Vyani—talented, but raw and mostly lacking in opportunities. They would continue for only a little while, then drift off, never to be sighted again.

The African diet is something that I never cease to wonder at. Sudza or corn is the staple. A little poor-quality meat, some rice, some bread and tea form the rest of what, to me, is a very unappetizing menu. A little fruit is taken, but no vegetables and no variety whatsoever. Chibuku—native beer made from corn and consumed universally—is a powerful dietary ally. A mistake that has often been made in the past has been the over-feeding of these people by overenthusiastic coaches, and the resultant drastic changes in body metabolism have had a detrimental effect. Shortage of proteins, the Vitamins B and C, iron and uncontaminated water are the serious drawbacks to physical well-being. The body is quite remarkable in the way it adapts to given circumstances, and one has to look past diet in finding reasons for the rapid rise in African distance-running performances over the past six years. The simple motor existence—Africans walk from birth—the hardships in youth (where only the fit survive), the introduction of scientific training, the stabilization of work opportunities, the consequent lessening of nomadic tendencies, and a growing maturity of objectivity, are much more tenable reasons. It takes a number of years of concentrated and intensified training before an athlete can handle distance-running at world level, and the African is only now realizing his latent potential. African runners will get better, and many more black champions will be unearthed in the immediate years that follow.

One such young champion is on the emerge at Wankie in the naive and unspoiled Alfred Ncube. It took two months before he could say anything but “Yes” or “No” to me; and even after nine months he still could not face me when being spoken to. Yet in that time this young seventeen-year-old secondary-school student brought his 440-yards’ time down from 55.6 to 49.4 seconds.

The obliging Leprechaun took me for a beer into the excellently appointed No. One Mine Club one evening after a lively session on the track. The tropical sun enjoys much greater latitude at Wankie (only 2000') than in central Rhodesia, and many a thirst drives the miners to the refreshing shelter of this

excellent club. A sharp and bitter taste was felt in my mouth this night, however, when a debauched and cynical bigot walked past Des and said,

"I suppose you've been teaching them bloody monkeys to run instead of swingin' in trees where they belong, Lawler? Why don't you find a decent way to earn a living?"

Des replied, "At least I have clean hands. For all the hard work you boast of doing, your hands are not black enough for me." This was, I thought, masterly in control and acidity of reaction.

"To have thumped the bastard would have been to lose, even though it's the first thing you think of doing," he later confided.

Very few miners at Wankie echoed the narrow sentiments of the bigot. Most were interested in the progress of the athletes, and whenever a major meeting was planned for the colliery, they and their families turned out in full number to support the local lads.

The following day we excused ourselves from athletics and drove fifty miles to the gate of the world-acclaimed Wanlde National Game Reserve. I eagerly awaited this experience. One has to visit the zoological gardens in Southern Australia to see wild game or predators of such savage and untamed ilk. But here in Central Africa, the zoos become magnificent, untamed reserves, thousands of square miles in area and completely natural in habitat. Scores of buck, zebras, wild dogs, buffaloes, ostriches, giraffes, the cantankerous hippopotamuses and the two varieties of rhinoceroses are in overt evidence. We first saw baboon shortly after entering the reserve, and continued to see an endless stream of all varieties in the ape family for the next three miles. But the two which entirely dominate the stage are the African elephant and the majestic lion. To see a lion is becoming a rarity, but the search is compelling; and some fortunate visitors even witness "a kill." The famous predator will not move from his carnivorous meal until he has finished. I've been told you could drive a tank at him and he would not budge. He becomes the epitome of the expression. "This is mine and mine alone." After he has finished, inevitably the cowardly hyenas and other scavengers move in to preserve nature's cruel but necessary balance. I saw lions that day, twelve of them.

The treacherous "Jumbo" (as the elephant is called) can be

as cantankerous as the unpredictable black rhinoceros. He administers many a fright to the unsuspecting tourist who finds himself between the bull and the herd. The testy trumpeting as he lifts up onto his hind legs, angrily flailing forelegs and trunk, strikes much terror into the hearts of the uninitiated. I took an instant liking to this bull-headed and crusty giant—I liked his independence and his insuperable strength.

The Wankie Colliery is situated 200 miles west of Bulawayo. I was keen to reach Rhodesia's second city, as I'd heard much of her friendliness and generosity from Australian airmen stationed there during the early days of World War II. Sydney-sider Joe Colclough had glowingly briefed me before leaving Australia, and so many Salisbury citizens had dismissed Bulawayo as decidedly inferior, that this scene of so much earlier Rhodesian and Matabele history held a particular appeal.

A barbecue at the home of the unique Joe Thomas enabled me to meet the athletic, press and civic fraternity of this proud city. Joe Thomas stood out as a man of irrepressible endeavour. The diversity of his interests amazed even his closest friends and silenced even the most jealous of his enemies. He was president of the Matabeleland Amateur Athletic Board, Chairman of the Olympic Fund Raising Appeal, active in Boy Scouts, organizer of speakers for the Rotary Club, warden of the local church, assistant chief welfare officer in the African Housing and Amenities Department, athletic correspondent and feature writer for the *Bulawayo Chronicle,* a regular sports-caster on the national radio, and a host of other things about which I shall never know. One of his most successful ventures was the running of a 25-minute television series on the activities of local youth. Joe started this series quite by accident. So tired of every news item either condemning or questioning the activities of youth, he approached the local T.V. station with the claim that they knew precious little of the many constructive interests and activities carried out by the young people of their city.

"They were," he contended, "only interested in the sordid and negative side of youth."

The station manager's enterprising reply was, "All right! Find me some of these good projects and I will give you space on the T.V. to publicize them."

Joe found plenty, and this space grew to a generous 25-minute allotment each week.

The resourceful Joe, always on the lookout for news or programs with a difference, persuaded me to do a full teaching program on athletics during that first hectic week. Twenty-five minutes is a long time to spend, and I was nearly dried out with about one minute to go, when the cheery Joe appeared from the control room with a notification board on which was chalked, "Next program has been lost. Carry on for another ten minutes." His sense of humour provided the inspiration, and I was able, only just, to see out the extra time.

I spent two days at the White City Cinder Track in the centre of the African township of Mpopoma with hundreds of school children, African teachers, welfare officers, local club officials and dozens of "hangers-on." The African runs naturally, although the girls are too shy to really stretch out; but the acquisition of technical skills is more difficult. Even the simplest of teaching progressions is rarely grasped at the first attempt. It is amazing what perseverance will do, however, and I am satisfied the basic naivete of the African individual is the biggest drawback in all technical education. It is not a lack of intelligence but an absence of preparation from birth for the absorption of mechanical and mathematical principles—his concept of number and space is as yet very poor. The example of persistence of building a round house is often quoted, as instancing the African's inability to construct a right angle. I can't help the feeling, however, that, had he been born into a world of rectangle, he would have coped with the construction of such a figure.

Education begets education and culture breeds culture. The spirit of the old adage that a country deserves its government because, after all, the country put it there in the first place, is very true in the case of the developing Africans. The parents have little to give their maturing children in the march to civilization, and we shall just have to be patient during this growth period.

I made my first contact with Stutty Dhlamini during this week and learned to respect this kindly African. He was the official coach of the "Alpha" Club in Bulawayo, whose members train and compete regularly on the White City Track. Mathias Kanda was a member, along with the Rhodesian mile champion Pilate Ndlovu and a number of other lesser-known, but equally

keen, African athletes. Stutty worked tirelessly and unselfishly, but failed to get the full support of the municipality. Apart from Joe Thomas, Stutty had few really industrious allies upon whom to rely.

The European schools occupied the remainder of the week at the Callies Oval. Callies, a poorly surfaced cinder track, was the home of the Bulawayo Harriers, which, apart from the African Club of Alpha, constituted the only really organized athletic club in Bulawayo. An unhappy union existed between the soccer and athletic clubs, and many times had been in danger of collapse. The exact legal circumstances were explained to me, but the situation again represented the wasteful futility of squabbling, which seems to be an inseparable part of the inflexible approach to the solution of any problem.

One sunny morning (most mornings are sunny in Rhodesia) representatives of eight primary schools sat awaiting my instruction on the rustic and dilapidated green stands ringing the outer section of the cycling track. Communication had broken down somewhere, as the Henry Lowe School presented itself with 200 children. Add to these numbers approximately twenty from each of the others, and astronomical figures result. Soon the track was littered with hundreds of bobbing white bodies stretching almost entirely around the 440-yard circuit and miraculously avoiding collision. They listened and learned. The experience of teaching a crouch-start from the top of the judges' stand, to a sea of pink faces extending back for scores of yards, was indeed testing, and although strangely enjoyable, presented rather limited opportunities for individual coaching and correction.

The girls from the Evelyn School introduced me to one of the major problems in the country. An 18th-century approach to girls participating in athletics had been adopted by most of the country. This was not helped either by the negative and defeatist attitude assumed by many of the physical educationists teaching in the girls' schools. They blamed uncooperative headmistresses and unwilling students for what really amounted to their own complete failure to motivate the children into wholesome and worthwhile athletic expression. I'd heard of reactionary females in Australia who, in isolated cases, banned girls from long-jumping and shot-putting on the grounds of lost femininity. But the unfortunate impression that women's sport exists for the

few and is entirely subservient to the whims of their male counterparts, is a general problem facing Rhodesia today. This will not be resolved immediately, either.

Impressions change, but slowly and not without some bruising. Two sports which can be excepted are hockey and swimming; and it was pleasing to see the Rhodesian team, later in the year, clean up all the local South African opposition, and in so doing, prove itself one of the finest hockey teams in the world.

Girls can run, jump and throw, using similar techniques and fitness methods to boys. The recognized differences between the male and female body are not sufficiently significant to forbid women from indulging in a similar program to that planned for men. The female glandular structure obviously differs from the male, and the angle of the hip bone is wider. Girls are consequently more flexible in the hips and, in general, have a greater pain-enduring capacity and live longer by an average of five years. There can be no doubt that emotionally the woman is different from the man, but not so fundamentally that she does not experience fun, shyness, anxiety, exhilaration and competitive ire. In answer to a question often asked of me in Rhodesia, I say that life can be much more fun for the girl who works regularly towards being attractive to look at and delightful to know. If she stands well, has firm muscles and restrained curves, she is much better equipped to face fatigue, tension and the requirements of the hurly-burly of modern living. Properly planned and balanced athletic training is a very fine way to attain this state of physical well-being.

The senior athletes in Bulawayo showed equally as much promise as those in Salisbury. Two nineteen-year-olds, high-jumper Philip Capon and sprinter Nigel Hodder, were already well-performed. Nigel's father, Peter, easily Bulawayo's most successful coach, and I became firm friends. A former British airman who was stationed in Rhodesia during the war, Peter returned shortly after hostilities had ceased, to wrest the affection of an attractive young lass from the local male suitors. He fitted into the Rhodesian scene remarkably well and was of invaluable assistance in filling me in on the local situation. Both he and Joe Thomas had a marked affinity for the Matopos Hills, just south of the city, and would spend many a lost hour investigating

stories and historical idiosyncrasies associated with this colourful area. Apparently the Matabeles had taken refuge in the Matopos to escape the vengeance of the white man in the early 1890's, and evidences of their culture and habitation can be found to this day. Genuine wall paintings in many secluded areas are of interest to even the most casual of people, and the siting of Rhodes' grave is a masterpiece of simple, but effective, commemoration.

Three young Bulawayo girls also showed athletic promise. Sheila Salhus and Margaret Johnson could move fast, and Marlene Whiting high-jumped with above-average ability. Sheila had faults common to the young girl athlete. At 14 going on 15, she refused to lift her knees and pointed her toes with each stride. Her arm action was an effeminate short-clipped swing, with little driving power and directed "across the chest," which introduced hindering torso notation. Margaret, who had yet to learn controlled relaxation, was in the rapid-growth stage and needed careful and understanding coaching. Brian and Audrey Eley had given stability to the secretarial situation in Matabeleland that year, and the picture during the first week looked so rosy that the shadows of doom to come were entirely imperceptible.

It was in Bulawayo that I saw my first athletics meeting in Rhodesia. It was a shambles. Wholesale scratchings and the failure of the referee to turn up did not help matters. The faithful and hardworking few were struggling to get through this long program; and when, eventually, the Mayor of Bulawayo presented the prizes, it was obvious that much work lay ahead for coaches, officials and administrators, if this sadly run-down machine was to be rejuvenated. An athletics meeting has so many facets of organizational detail that it cannot effectively be run by part-time administration. The failure to draw large crowds, however, keep the finances at such a low ebb that devotees of the sport of athletics throughout the world today deserve to be knighted, or at least wined, dined and feted. Too often, nevertheless, they are canned by a critical press on the one hand, and the singularly purposed parent on the other.

The meeting was of interest to me on two important counts. First, I studied Bernard Dzoma and Mathias Kanda in action for the first time; and second, Vyani Fulunga, the Wankie prodigy, failed in his first serious test. I was inclined to be dis-

illusioned with Fulunga, but Peter Hodder and Joe Thomas took his side and gave me sufficient reason to leave the matter in abeyance. Later in the year, Fulunga was to prove me wrong; and Peter Hodder has, good-naturedly, continued to remind me of this error of judgement.

Dzoma showed outstanding talent. He was not fit enough to hold the fast pace which I had set him throughout the race, but showed such promise in the first six laps that I knew we had a champion. He finished the three miles in 14 minutes, 13 seconds, which was the fastest time he had achieved and the second-fastest time recorded in Rhodesia. The mercurial Terry Sullivan was the only man to have run faster. Bernard's beautifully relaxed running style, which he maintained throughout, even when fatigued, gave me just cause for optimism. That same day, I introduced him to the idea of recording each lap-time, and he was noticeably surprised when confronted with his table of performance. He had maintained an excellent 68-second average for the first six laps, but had faded to an unimpressive 75-second average over the last three. This spelt out Bernard's need for greater endurance fitness and spurred him on to harder and more exacting training schedules.

Mathias Kanda, on the other hand, along with Robson Mrombe of Wankie, had performed like most marathon men do over the shorter distances. Their lack of early pace allowed Bernard to slip away, and they had to be content to follow well back in his wake. The short, clipped and economical stride of Mathias and his obvious persistence of effort, however, was a cause for inward satisfaction and gave notice of future superb performances.

CHAPTER 5

THE TOUR CONTINUES

The broad, clean streets of Bulawayo with their large spoon drains and spreading lampposts soon gave way to light industrial surroundings and, finally, dried-out plains called veldts endlessly lined the tarred road. Now and then evidences of strip roads could be seen darting off into the scrub. These treacherous surfaces had served the country well in the past, but were now considered part of history, and it was deemed advantageous to keep them there. Constructed by out-of-work Europeans and Africans during the Depression years of the early 193O's, these narrow strips prevented bogging, but were highly dangerous when vehicles approached from opposite directions. At the brow of hills, especially, each car would move the inside wheel onto the outside strip, whilst the now-disinherited outside wheel would slither around on surfaces ranging from shale to ridged sand. Mishaps of all descriptions were common. Add to these conditions the natural exuberance for speed and the ever-present party spirit of the Rhodesian people, and it can easily be seen why the country was glad to say farewell to the old strip roads. As late as 1962, however, the 290-mile road from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls consisted, in the main, of strip-tarring.

I dozed as the passenger coach slid silently and steadily towards Gwelo, 100 miles north of Bulawayo. "You will receive little attention there," I was warned, "as they are disorganized and disinterested in athletics." To the contrary, I found much interest in athletics and many enthusiasts who were keen on local promotion, but no one who could find sufficient time to organize the Midlands into a strong and unified competition. Keith Swales and Ginger Webster at Guinea Fowl School had planned an excellent program, and Headmaster Knottenbelt was encouraging mounting interest at the African School of Fletcher. A character with the unlikely name of Doodles Viljoen was emerging,

after starting well behind scratch, at the coeducational secondary school of Chaplin; and the primary school appeared keen.

I could not understand the reticence of the African Teachers' College to indulge in more sporting effort. Insufficient funds were blamed, but the old feeling that people make sportsmen, not grounds and tracks and hurdles, came quickly back to mind. I was frankly shocked on a later visit to this place, and after having addressed the students for 25 minutes on the value athletics can play in the whole educational program, to have this first question thrown at me: "How much more money can we earn by promoting athletics in our schools?"

My reply that "Sport is part of the child's curriculum; it is meant to complement the rest of the educative program and can be an enjoyable and profitable path to better student-teacher co-operation," received a cool, disbelieving hearing.

The current African preoccupation with the financial aspects of sport is promoting personal fund-raising, but contributes precious little to the African community as a whole.

It caused me to think again on all the ramifications involved in helping the local coach. He must not be superseded or deprived of the feeling of authority, yet the imparting of new techniques and stronger methods of achieving improved results was one of my main tasks in Rhodesia. There are basically two lands of coaches. The professional, who specializes in infinite detail and who should be, as an open textbook, the consulting figure in athletic enterprise. The amateur is, on the other hand, a very important factor in the coaching world also. He is a man who devotes his leisure time to coaching. He can become very proficient indeed, especially if he concentrates on any one of the specialist events. His greatest advantage, however, is that he usually begins the athletes' competitive experience. As a teacher, club official or parent, he first comes in contact with the enthusiastic junior and helps him to progress in these young, impressionable and very important days.

I slipped away to Selukwe for two days and stayed at the historic Grand Hotel. A tumble-down edifice, it was not hard to imagine how imposing this grand structure would have been during the boom gold-mining days at the turn of the century. Scenic and rich in natural ores, Selukwe held its own appeal. Ostensibly the Rhodesian chrome mines were still in operation,

and welfare officer Ernie Williams presented anything but a morbid picture.

He and his African sergeant-major presided over the Ironsides village with an almighty and paternal hand. Gruff on the exterior and easygoing to the casual visitor, this inveterate fisherman handled the everyday problems of a native village with painstaking care. Ironsides was the cleanest and the happiest of the many African villages I witnessed during the ten-months' stay in Rhodesia. He used to run a weekly competition on home and garden cleanliness. However, and it could only happen to Ernie, this excellent scheme was fouled up when the same family won the competition for the 17th successive week. Showing due resourcefulness, Ernie banned them from the contest.

The athletic track, the surface of which comprised some weird and wonderful local mixtures, presented a beautiful scenic picture, nestled in the side of a hill, enhancing, rather than detracting from, the natural rustic beauty of this excellently planned mine. Whereas parts of Wankie resembled the dark and gruesome 18th-and 19-century Welsh coal-mining scars, the Selukwe Chrome Mines were incidental to the peaked terrain, and all inhabitants were intensely conscious of preserving the surrounding beauty. One stepped mountain village, with adjacent houses as much as 12' lower on the downhill side, prompted the remark from visiting distance-athlete Washington Mangwengwende of Mangula, "I could not live in that house. I come home one night with Chibuku in my belly. I fall down and break mv head."

A little railway precariously wound its wav around the sides of the precipitous hills completing the attractive picture: white daubed rocks, which lined the roadside, were functional during the heavy mists regularly enveloping the mountain setting.

It did not take wild horses to drag me back to Selukwe, whenever the opportunity presented over the succeeding months.

The cheerful Ernie Williams was, as he genially stated, in the throes of contracting bilharzia. Having recovered from three earlier bouts, he fully realised its inherent dangers, but scorned the disease as interfering with his favourite pastime—fishing. Ernie explained that this scourge of Africa had descended from Egypt, "where most of the African bugs had originated."

A debilitating disease which lies dormant in the digestive tract, bilharzia is reputed to have affected at least 80% of the

African population and a great many of the Europeans also. The bilharzia bacteria cannot spread unless it makes contact with the snail in water, and current preventative experimentation is focused on the snails' extinction. Each time a person makes even casual contact, for just a few seconds only, with the infested water, he will contract the disease; and 80% of the water in Rhodesia is infected. Bilharzia does not seem to exist above 6,000', although recent reports suspect its eventual intrusion even at altitude. Upon contact with the human body, the bacteria makes its way through the skin and invades the bloodstream. The cure is worse than the disease. It is either by tablet or injection, causing a shock reaction from the victim. Athletes who contact bilharzia usually take a full year before they completely recover. The young Salisbury pentathlon athlete, Myra Fowler, went down with it in February and was not able to recover sufficiently to be considered for Olympic selection five months later. This aptly named ''scourge of Africa" is primarily responsible for the sudden drop in form of many African athletes and is reputed to shorten the life-span by up to ten years.

I returned to Gwelo on Saturday evening. The next morning I opened the *Sunday News* from Bulawayo and began reading the headlines, that is, those found acceptable by the censors. Press censorship had been imposed by the ruling Rhodesian Front Government immediately after the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965, and the experience of blank spaces in the middle of reports and disjointed editorials was new and, frankly, disturbing.

As I reflected on the evils of censorship, my eyes traced an article which had obviously been included late and with urgency—"TRAGIC DEATH OF JOE THOMAS." Never one for morbid reading, I turned over and began reading the second page, when the stark reality of that headline dawned.

Quickly I scanned the tragic contents of the hastily-composed news item. It was the Joe Thomas I knew and admired so much. Joe had recently talked about attending to the ceiling plaster under the roof of his lovely two-storied house. It was a thorn in his irrepressible side. Apparently, the evening before, he had accidently contacted the electrical wiring while perched at the top of a ladder, and the fall had proved fatal. I was stunned. Two weeks before, I had first met Joe, and he was the sort of

person who needed very little time to get to know. No one in this world is irreplaceable, but Joe's position in the society of Bulawayo went very close to making him indispensable. His close friend, Martin Lee, Sports Editor of the *Chronicle,* felt the loss acutely and wrote with depth of feeling, quite uncommon in the hardened world of factual journalism. I hurried back to Salisbury and arranged to attend the funeral in Bulawayo the following Tuesday. My own obituary to Joe appeared in place of the usual column on athletics the following weekend in the *Rhodesian Herald,* and finished with a story I felt was so typical of this positive and vital man:

> "Pilate Ndlovu, the current Rhodesian mile champion, is a member of the Alpha club which is based at White City. He has a very special reason to be grateful to Joe. Pilate had the bad habit of running the mile race from behind. He stays back in the field until the last lap and then uses his considerably strong finish to run the opposition down. In top competition, however, this can be disastrous. A fast early pace and a more even expenditure of energy can see the fast finishers left so far behind that they have no chance of making up the necessary ground over the later stages. Just prior to the titles last year and again during the motor trip from Bulawayo to Salisbury, Joe vigorously reminded Pilate that this was his shortcoming.
>
> " Tf, Pilate, you are any further back than one yard from the leader at any stage in this race tomorrow, you will have to walk back to Bulawayo, and I mean it,' was Joe's pseudo-serious attempt to forcefully bring home his point. It worked, and Joe's good-natured and somewhat relieved comment was:
>
> " 'Just as well; I couldn't have let him walk back. He is my gardener, you know, and my wife would never have forgiven me.' "

I felt that death had cheated Joe Thomas, and the large numbers who attended the funeral agreed.

Back in Salisbury, through Eric Shore, I met Dr. John Wessells of Umtali. "Penn," as he was affectionately called, was a member of the National Sport Foundation, and his firm views on

the importance of effectively administered sport in the community were identical with my own. He was to arrange the final stage of my tour.

The Eastern Highlands of Rhodesia were so beautiful that any visitor to the country who left without spending time there resembled a tourist leaving Switzerland without seeing snow. From the grand views of the Inyanga Ranges to the picturesque Chimanimani mountains around Melsetter, this feature country provides scenic beauty beyond description. The well-appointed town of Umtali is nestled in a cradle of these sun-drenched mountains.

Unfortunately the setting is a little too peaceful for the occupants, and with so many "retired English colonels from India" living there, the rather unkind label of "Sleepy Hollow" has a strong hint of truthfulness. Nobody ever seems to worry too much in Umtali. Governments come and go, and the word "sanctions" is to be found in the dictionary. An ideal climate supports the verdant golf course, an Olympic swimming pool, a comfortable theatre, convenient shopping facilities, three obliging hotels, and an English-style men's club. The closing of the British Motor Company car-manufacturing plant caused ruffled feathers, however, and a very active citizens' military force is in evidence. Umtali's lethargy is its cross; and although a number of citizens, particularly sports writer Eric Knight, continually draw attention to this, their voices fade ineffectively into the distant hills. The residents of Manicaland only approach the serious when cricket or rugby or beer is mentioned; and in this way they resemble the majority of Australians.

The residential Umtali Boys' High School had proved itself to be one of the best schools in the country. The laying of an eight-lane cinder track eleven years before furnished good reason for their high standard of successful achievement, along with the coaching of Deputy Headmaster Jim Clark. Jim had tried, unsuccessfully, for many years to maintain an athletic competition in Manicaland. The failure of local support and the erosive effect of his protracted industry had eventually thwarted him. His unique system of points-allocation for the school's interhouse athletics competition, and the long line of grateful pupils, will remain as permanent evidence of his unstinting contribution.

My second day in Umtali brought me in contact with the

African population. The Sakubva Stadium, administered by the African community, was exclusively for their use, and is easily the best of its kind in Rhodesia. It would not take much alteration to make this into an ideal venue for conducting an event as big as the British Empire and Commonwealth Games. A seating capacity of 22,000, cycling track, an adequate cinder athletic surface, and a smooth, well-grassed soccer pitch, completed a sporting facility not seen anywhere else in the country. Constructed from beer-hall funds five years before, this great stadium should have been the focal point of all sporting activity in the African sector and, for that matter, the whole of Umtali.

A huge crowd of school children awaited the clinic, but unfortunately no plans had been made and much of the value of their attendance was negated. No liaison with teachers, welfare officers, or athletic officials angered me; and, but for one helpful European High School teacher, I would have terminated the shambles before the clinic even started. Eventually a squad of thirty unchanged students was mustered; and after an hour of basic physical education, most of which was not meant to entertain the large crowd, I was able to cover just a few fundamentals of sprinting and middle-distance running. Sand pits without sand, a javelin run-up with a soccer post planted deep in its middle, incomplete concrete throwing circles without implements, and a skeleton of a boxing ring, constructed over the steeplechase water-jump, spoke eloquently of a facility in utter disuse: a costly white elephant, which to the casual visitor may have looked very impressive.

The construction of excellent facilities is not sufficient. Adequate staffing, efficient organization and effective cooperation from all sections of the community are needed to put these facilities to full value. My first anger now abated, I was saddened at the thought of this waste and returned to take a second look at *5* p.m. that same day. Four boys were kicking a soccer ball near the locked entrance gate. The huge field was empty. Not a soul, except an obliging African caretaker, was permitted inside. Barely one hundred yards down the road, scores of African boys were training for soccer on a cow paddock. Roughly-hewn wooden goalposts stood at each end of this dust-filled expanse, and sporadic tufts of grass added their own hazards to the many pounding, eager feet in search of the one ball. Tins and paper

footballs were being used at the sides of this field, and lads of all sizes and shapes spilled occasionally onto the road in their keenness to win possession. I asked a coach for details. He told me of an argument between two rival associations. One had the exclusive use of the main stadium, the other the cow paddock. The favoured group sponsored an average of only three games each month, whilst the poorly facilitated association had a huge membership. The need for strong arbitration was patently obvious.

An Olympic-size swimming pool with only two swimmers present and a magnificent theatre with orchestra pit and fine stage fittings, which was used solely for the showing of movies, completed a disheartening afternoon.

For fear of being too harsh in my judgment, I asked locals for their opinions.

"The stadium is used for athletics only in the school season, and then a mere handful of times," said one prominent citizen; and a disgusted soccer fan confided, "What use is a stadium for soccer which never needs resurfacing? It is simply never used."

This unfortunate situation brought back to mind the reply of my first headmaster when, as a raw, young Australian teacher in my first year out of college, and saddled with the responsible task of sportsmaster, I sought permission to purchase more footballs:

"I will continue to buy footballs for the boys of this school for as long as they continue to kick the hide off them. But I will not replace one single ball which is allowed to rot through unuse." His sentiments could well be heeded in the African township of Umtali.

The indefatigable Penn Wessells called for me next morning at six, and we motored over the crest of the encircling hills and headed for the Inyanga Mountains. The Mexican Olympics, at an altitude of 7400', had all the sea-level countries worried; and although most Rhodesians lived at altitudes ranging from 4000' to 5000', I was still concerned about the adaptation story. It appeared that Rhodesians were at a considerable advantage, along with those Africans to the North living in Kenya, Ethiopia and Tunisia. As National Athletics Coach, it was up to me to examine this important question thoroughly and, where possible, take effective action. The only place in Rhodesia with comparable

altitudes to those of Mexico could be found in the high plateaus above the "Troutbeck Inn," deep in the Inyanga Mountains. Penn Wessells jumped at the opportunity to take me to Troutbeck because, along with 99% of Rhodesians, he relished the invigorating and refreshing terrain.

We had no specific plans in mind, just the objective of looking for a flat spot close to some sort of accommodation and high enough to be over 7000 feet. Sixty miles of winding road took little time to negotiate, and the absence of *gouti* (a local form of heavy mist) made weather conditions for visibility perfect. A borrowed army altimeter added to the interest as it steadily climbed towards the desired target. We reached the crest just prior to the descent into Troutbeck, and the needle showed a disappointing 6800 feet. Troutbeck Inn, we knew, was setttled in at 6500 feet. Penn quickly assured me that the hills the other side of Troutbeck appeared even higher, so we pressed on.

The road skirted the inn and weaved its way upwards through the hilly golf course. Still higher, hairpin bends and dirt slides finally gave way to an unmapped dirt road which encircled a superb sheltered basin, high on the roof of the plateau. Three separate world views of magnificent panorama were provided by the exciting escarpment, not 200 yards from the edge of an artificial lake. Rocky and precipitous Kopjes added further charm to this most beautiful place. We sighted an old two-storied stone house which looked satisfactory for accommodation purposes. Determined to find the owner, we set off back to Troutbeck by the other half of the narrow ring road. A trench-digging party stopped us and fortuitously we were introduced to a man whose name is legendary throughout Rhodesia, Colonel (or is it Major?—no one seems quite certain) Mcllwaine, an ageless trout fisherman, whose irrepressible spirit was matched only by the quickness of his brain and the mischievous twinkle in his deep brown eyes.

"I know the place you are looking for," he said, "the children's home, Chanor, not six hundred yards from here. Come! I'll take you." A hastily-laid bridge enabled us to pass over the offending trench, and within minutes Penn and I were facing a facility which was unbelievable. Constructed by the Northern Rhodesian miners from the copper belt, so they could send their children

for holidays out of the dust-filled mine atmosphere, Chanor had remained unoccupied since U.D.I. in 1965. For three years one of the finest holiday hostels I've seen had been wrapped in the proverbial cotton wool of uncertainty. Administered by a trust of local people, the exact future of the home was in considerable doubt.

Not for long would the double-storied main building of kitchen, games room, bathroom, dining room, library and sun-deck be without occupants. Four comfortable cabins and a sandstone cottage, which could accommodate overnight sleeping capacity for forty people, and a large lawn with an adjacent pine plantation, presented unlimited possibilities for the setting-up of the training camp I so keenly desired.

My imagination was afire. Early morning runs, gymnastics and calisthenics on the lawns after breakfast and the limited space for pure athletic training, completed an "almost" perfect picture. The "almost" was removed later that morning. The altitude of Chanor was 7100 feet, and at "World's View" it was 7400 feet above sea level.

Happy and eager to start planning, Penn and I repaired to Troutbeck Inn for refreshments. The bar was open and the familiar tones of a very Australian voice-box boomed carelessly through an open door. Several seconds later I was shaking the hospitable hand of a fellow countryman. His laughter echoed through the small, well-appointed cocktail bar; and his misshapen cloth hat, baggy trousers and loose-fitting, carelessly donned grey shirt spoke eloquently for his occupation—farmer.

"A lovable rogue" was my first impression and has remained so ever since. Peter Storrer, the truly enterprising figure in the Inyanga Mountains, had migrated to Rhodesia from Australia twenty years before. He now owned one of the finest farms in the country; and after a mere two minutes in his company. I realized why he was so popular in the district. He immediately offered the use of the airstrip next to his property (although I later found out it was not his to offer) which he said was a little rough, but still represented the only 900-yard stretch of flat land in the mountains. An altitude of 6800 feet was sufficient to meet the requirements, so drinks all round settled the issue beyond doubt. The trip down the mountain was much more precarious than the ascent had been six hours earlier.

My itinerary demanded that I be in Fort Victoria by lunch-time next day; so an early rise and a hasty breakfast sent me and the bumpy little Cortina car on my way. It was easily the most hazardous road in Rhodesia. This trip from Umtali through the lowlands to the low veldt, across the Birchenough bridge to Fort Victoria, was interesting but very hot and wearing on the nerves. Once considered only suitable for wild game, mad dogs and Englishmen, the lowlands of Rhodesia were now being put to good use in the growing of cane sugar. Other crops were starting to spring up, and the nation's economy was the bene-factor for this farming enterprise.

The ban on the playing of multi-racial sport on departmental grounds prevented me from having two African lads from the nearby Umkondo mine present at the clinic held in the high school that afternoon. In spite of sincere attempts by the Fort Victoria people to gain the necessary permission from Salisbury, the Minister appeared so concerned about toilet facilities and other trivialities that efforts were eventually abandoned. It is true that the toilet habits of the majority of Africans do not approach desirable standards. Africans urinate in public, and defecate with unconcern. It is something which to them is quite natural. But not all of the Africans are incontinent, and it would have been to the Ministry's advantage to have constructed more toilets and hurried up the health education within the African schools, rather than to have incurred the risk of unnecessary poor public relations through unpopular restriction.

Fort Victoria is a strong centre for school athletics. Leading light was Gwyn Thomas, who after two years in Zambia had been forced to move to Rhodesia. The Zambianization of teachers' jobs (the "replacement of Europeans by Africans" principle) had left him unemployed. This process in Zambia had resulted in many Europeans moving south and had drastically reduced the white population of Zambia to a reputed 30,000 in the three-year period after independence from Great Britain had been granted. I can understand and sympathise with the Africans' desire for equality of recognition and opportunity and I abhor discrimination of all kinds. But the vindictive campaigns of anti-white bigotry at present being carried on by certain central African nations are equally as bad as the exploitation of the native by the white man in days gone by. It is simply racialism in reverse.

When Simon Kapwepwe, Vice President of Zambia, openly states his intention of dis-enfranchising the remaining white people in Zambia by the introduction of a Private Members Bill, he is being equally as stupid and racialistic as the former white bigots whose memory he is seeking to erase. Some people have said to me that the current vindictiveness of the African is understandable, considering his atrocious treatment in the past. I can understand this too, but it is still totally unacceptable. There is never any excuse for bigotry, be it from white or black man; and the economic and health hazards so evident where non-cooperation is rife are taking heavy toll of the countries concerned. This unfortunate situation is called "the spite of Africa" and is, at present, the gravest problem facing this awakening continent.

The Arnott family headed an enthusiastic and successful group of young athletes in Fort Victoria. Always keen to improve, these youngsters are assured of a bright future.

The next morning on the way back to Salisbury, I encountered another "white elephant." The Gaths Mine at Mashaba had constructed an excellent cinder stadium in the African quarter. Administered by a local committee, restrictions were placed on white men using the track; and the unreal situation had arisen where a keen, ex-British distance athlete, who was prepared to help the locals, was debarred from using the track. The huge stadium lay empty, and again I was angry. Encouragement, tolerance, enthusiasm and enterprise are precious attributes, but—alas!—they were in scarce evidence that day.

The final stage of this busy tour involved a one-day clinic at Que Que and the Risco Mine, and a three-day stopover at the Cam and Motor Mine. Cam and Motor, a gold-mining concern in the Eiffel Flats region of the Midlands just 85 miles south of Salisbury, was on the surface ugly and drab. But appearances in this case were very deceptive. The old mine, soon to be replaced by exciting new prospects, was still a hive of industry. Rational thinking from Manager Bill Rickards, optimism from Bob Thorn, and sustained roguery from the likeable Bob Orr, all contributed to making this a frequent stopping-place for me in the ensuing months. A resourceful bunch, they had gathered around them some of Rhodesia's best athletes. John Shaba, middle-distance, the two Magoda brothers in the sprints, and the fine

potential of Langton Chipangare as a 400 to 800-metre specialist were sufficient to enthuse any national coach. A good spirit of competitive endeavour existed, and this was to lead them to eventual success in the important Chamber of Mines competition later in the year. The guest house, with private swimming pool and every comforting facility, completed the picture of a well-run and enterprising business concern. It was here that I saw an entirely self-taught, raw African schoolboy walk up to the high-jump bar, elevated to a height of 6'2", and do what amounted to a standing, ungainly and spreadeagled lunge. He cleared the bar. The talent was obvious; the task lay ahead.

CHAPTER *6*

TEACHING THE TEACHERS

If we were to see benefits from the current season, I had to work with teachers, coaches and interested officials immediately. An almost evangelical approach was necessary, so coaching seminars were organized to cover all possible areas of interest.

The first course consisted of a four-day conference with the African teachers and welfare officers in Harari. The interest of secondary-school headmasters Bill Magnus and Rodney McLean was welcome. These two constituted exactly one-half the entire roll of European headmasters in this large African section of Salisbury. Rodney had been a former physical education specialist, and Bill was a man of varied and cultured interests. His many appearances on the Rep's Theatre stage, and the production of a television series in general education, gave his contribution substance; whilst, as an author of several African textbooks, his knowledge and understanding of the African was both real and sympathetic. One of the most serious problems facing the black man in underdeveloped countries today is the fervent activity of the "do-gooder." Some missionaries fall into this category, but mostly their ranks are recruited from isolated and minor sects whose enthusiasm far outstrips their knowledge and, for that matter, their usefulness. I shall never forget the sight of six teenage girls standing, deaf and mute, outside Queen's Park in Rabaul, New Britain, holding up a rare religious sect's newspaper in the futile hope of interesting the passing New Guinean, who can't read or write and whose respect for women is mostly at an all-time low. He needs education, work, health instruction and sport, much more than condemnation. Most responsible missionary societies recognize this, but the "do-gooders" will never understand. Likewise in Rhodesia an understanding of the African peasant leads to a much more responsible and constructive form of assistance. Even the most primitive of the indigenous recognize and grow to despise condescending charity.

Bill Magnus held strong views on these matters, accounting for his immense popularity with black and white citizens alike.

The Harari coaching course took the form of lectures in the morning and practical expression each afternoon, and finished with a simple, one-hour written test-paper. Although questions were frequently asked and the interest level remained high, at the finish I wondered just how really effective the conference had been. My doubts were not helped by this answer to a question about the relative distances covered by the four runners of the 440-yard relay team.

Runner	runs	102 yds.
Runner	"	132 "
Runner	"	128 "
Runner	"	120 "
	Equals	440 yds.

Bill explained that the greatest single drawback in primary schools and some secondary schools was the reading age of the teachers themselves—some were as low as Grade 3 standard (9 years of age in Australia).

This variety of standard was confirmed in the test answers. About one-third of the papers were first-class. The remaining two-thirds varied from mediocre to very poor, and one even had difficulty copying down the questions.

The African sense of humour has a special emphasis and, to some, needs explanation. The ridiculous, whether harmful or not, is funny. Should a fellow-teacher fall heavily, the prolonged reaction is to laugh, even though it is obvious before the sensory impression is finished that he has seriously injured himself. It is not a cruel humour, as we are tempted to believe, but a compulsive reaction to the dramatic. His preoccupation with gallantry and dress is also absorbing. He will shake hands with his confreres each morning and again each afternoon; and the dress of an African teacher is always impeccable. It made me smile, too, when I remembered the polyglot arrangements in which some Melbourne school teachers presented themselves for class each morning. The male African teacher dresses with taste and colour, with the word "dignity" always operative. The female, on the other hand, dons subdued colours and wears simple, inexpensive

garments. The sight of a really well-dressed African woman is rare, whereas the men frequently appear in sartorial elegance. I reflected again on Western civilization and how we are very much in the reverse.

This first conference had the beneficial effect of swinging many teachers to the cause of athletics; and the Dindingwe African club, formed by Bill Magnus, grew in numbers and quality. By the end of the season it produced four school children who had been selected in national teams. Little fourteen-year-old Peggy Mandudzo featured strongly by running the very creditable time of 2 mins., 21 secs, for the 880 yards.

The following Saturday afternoon, as guest of honour, I witnessed an inter-district African schools' carnival. Many of the coaching-course graduates were there. Diligently they went about their tasks—everything appeared to be running smoothly. The need for greater knowledge soon became obvious, however, when an announcement was made that 1 min., 17 secs had won the boys' senior 880 yards. Hastily I queried this time, being a new world record; and the referee found, on re-checking his watch, that the time was really 2 mins., 17 secs. My sympathy soon stretched to the occupants of the outside lanes in the one-mile run, fifteen minutes later, when this incredible situation arose. The competitors had to stick to lanes and were expected to run without staggers from the starting line. The race had started before I realized this; so, being too late to intervene, I sat back and watched painfully. A boy in the second outside lane won, adding to the incredibility of this whole affair.

The obliging president clarified yet another ignominy. Due to the lack of birth certificates, the only way to distinguish between juniors and seniors was deemed to be by the stick. A seven-foot tall rod with three intermittent protruding cross-members set at 5 foot; 5 foot, 4 inches; and 5 foot, 8 inches, was taken to marshalling point. All those who could pass under the *5* foot cross-member were juniors, those under the *5 foot,* 4 inches' bar were intermediates, and everyone else was classed as a senior. Thus the incredible situation of 22-year-olds running in junior races and overgrown twelve-year-olds taking part with the seniors materialized. One school using the crouch-start in sprinting and the non-visual, palm-up method of baton change caught my eye, and my appreciation was quickly noted by the

intelligent African coach responsible for this enlightened teaching. The business of education is always a long process, and in under-developed countries the need for patience and perseverance is paramount.

Two courses in Bulawayo followed my initial coaching conference in Harari. The primary teachers were catered for from 4 to 6 p.m. at the Robert Tredgold Coloured School; and the secondary teachers, along with the local coaches, from 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. in the local convent hall. Both venues, although not best suited for the purpose, were the best available due to the Ministry of Education's ban on multi-racial sport on department-owned premises. The afternoon session contained European teachers' college students, coloured teachers, African male and two African female teachers. This was the first time I had come into contact with the excessively shy African female. Although they sat wordless throughout the course, both submitted excellent papers on the Friday afternoon.

The young teachers-college students also passed their test papers easily. Lack of direction from the physical education staff had forced athletics well into the background at the college; but through the efforts of a keen ex-Irishman, John O'Reilly, and a handful of conscientious students, revival of interest was growing.

The most captivating aspect of the afternoon course lay in the response of the coloured teachers. Probably the most enormous of all the problems facing the world of coexistence today is the coloured question. Called "mixed race" in New Guinea and "coloured" in America and Africa, these disinherited people are so often rejected by all sections of the community. Full of complexes, some of inferiority and some much more aggressive, coloureds seeks acceptance from their own kind and yet, unlike the African on the one hand and the European on the other, they find little in common. The coloured can be the loneliest of men. I went to the club with a few coloured teachers after the course and was delighted to hear that they are very Rhodesian in outlook and received the same salary as European teachers.

They felt the sport ban much more acutely than any other group of schools, however, as their shortage of numbers meant virtual isolation from interschool competition. At one stage the

coloured community threatened to write to the International Olympic Federation and formally complain of discrimination. It is a tribute to their civic-minded attitude that instead, they waged the battle where it should have been staged: inside Rhodesia with the appropriate authorities. Had there been similar discrimination in senior athletics, my position as National Coach would have been intolerable.

Burnice Davies, later in Salisbury, demonstrated that this ban could be broken by determined citizen effort. Faced with the task of organizing the Mahonaland Junior Championships with a record entry of 904 athletes from all races, on an alternative ground to the traditional Churchill school track, she confronted the Ministry. Not satisfied with official attempts to "fob her off," she presented herself every morning for over a week until finally the Ministry gave in and allowed her the departmental grounds at Churchill. To comply with their regulations, she and husband Fred organized truckloads of portable toilets and other required facilities; and the resultant carnival proved one of the finest athletic spectacles, national or international, I have seen. Although a strong Rhodesian Front supporter, Burnice stoutly opposed the restriction of unfair discrimination. The coloured community of Rhodesia warmly applauded her actions and gave total support to this and subsequent Athletic Board efforts.

The evening class at Bulawayo at the convent hall attracted all interested people. Peter Hodder asked intelligent questions and Lionel Reynolds fulfilled a promise to his wife—that of being home late every night. Strange things can happen to a defenseless male in the streets of an African town. I was driving back to the Seibourne from the convent on the Friday evening at about 9:30, when opposing traffic lights stopped me at the Main Street intersection. The left side door suddenly swung open, and in beside me jumped a well-dressed African woman. She dropped a hand on my most intimate part, smiled, and said, "It will cost you ten shillings, Boss."

At first shocked, and not a little uncomfortable, I quickly reopened the left-hand side door and rejoined. "It could cost me a lot more than ten shillings in the long run, lady. So—out!"

Unoffended and completely unabashed, her parting reply was "O.K., Boss."

A trifle flushed, I arrived at the hotel and recounted the experience.

"You do look green," said one amused listener; and all agreed that happenings like this, although not unknown, were decidedly rare.

Prostitution, to the African, is apparently treated very differently from the acknowledged inhibiting standard of the Western world—although current trends in our entertainment and the serious upsurge of drug-taking could yet render the simple immorality of the Africans' existence pure by comparison.

Two weeks later, during the first week of the school vacation and after a fascinating week in South Africa, I faced ninety teachers from all parts attending the main coaching seminar at Salisbury. It was heartening to see this response. The teaching profession in Rhodesia is sadly unbalanced. The women far outnumber the men; and although I have the highest respect for the lady teacher, this serious imbalance has an unsettling effect on the students in discipline and sport. It is hard to expect a woman to coach the senior rugby team. The servant system has contributed to this by freeing many married women from binding domestication.

Many women attended the course, and a number had potential value as coaches. Women like June Ferguson in Australia have proved truly effective coaches, once given the opportunities and the talent; and I encouraged their participation in Rhodesia for two reasons: a desperate need for greater numbers of coaches in general, and the hope of interesting more girls' schools in particular. I enjoyed this coaching course. The teachers asked intelligent questions and practical sessions had real substance. All present were able to study the efforts of big Michael Lambourn for the first time. A 6'4", eighteen-year-old policeman, Michael had an assured future as a shot-putter and discus-thrower. His weight was 215 lbs., which would increase with the use of weight-training, and his knowledge and techniques was rapidly improving. I did not discuss the problem of drugs too deeply with the coaches, but I knew Michael would be faced with a decision on their use in the very near future.

Due to the formula, FORCE = MASS X VELOCITY, a field-event athlete must have plenty of weight and be able to explode it dynamically in the given direction. The search for poundage is keen, and success unfortunately has been located in the field of the male hormone. Later in Mexico City, I was to see the

frightening extent to which this form of cheating had gone. Here, through discreet enquiries, I found that athletes were taking either Dianabol pills or Durabolin 50 hip injections. Each bi-weekly injection cost about $15 a shot. Athletes can increase their body weight by up to 30 lbs. in three weeks, and of course their achievement-pattern lifts dramatically as well. The effect of the male hormone on the body takes two forms. First, a male characteristic quality where more hair is grown, the voice deepens and increased libido occurs; second, there is a distinct increase in the build-up of the important structural parts, such as bone and muscle tissues, thus producing greater strength-potential. The danger in taking these anabolic steroids lies in the lack of medical knowledge about the outcome. Great changes take place inside the body. The suppressing of the normal action of the testicles and gonads by this male hormone drastically decreases their production; and the fear that they may not resume normal action, on completion of the hormone course, appears to have real substance. It is of course "suicidal" for women to enter a protracted course of these synthetic male hormones.

The most disturbing aspect, though, came when one very well-known athlete remarked, "It will be virtually impossible to make the final of the throwing events in the years to come unless you are taking steroids."

For my part, I go along with Howard Payne, the English hammer-thrower, when he says, "I consider that the use of artificial drugs is a form of cheating. It is as unethical as the shot-putter who knowingly uses a lightweight shot in competition and basks in the reflected glory of his own improved perform-ance.' "

And I think the comment by Monique Berlioux is classic: "It reduces the battle to one of test-tube efficiency. What would become of sport if it ran the risk of finishing up as a competition between different Dr. Fausts, all trying to find the best way to guaranteed success?"

Before I left Rhodesia, I made certain that Michael Lambourn was very clear on these matters and that he knew on which side of the court I stood.

The following week I journeyed back to Selukwe to run a course for the combined athletic personnel of all Rhodesian Mines. Des Lawler and David Clinker were there, along with

other personal friends in Lot Ndlovu and Phineas Agida. The resourceful Leprechaun had brought Mathias Kanda with him. It was only two weeks before the South African Non-European Championships, and a very important training week for all members of our African team. The format was changed a little, with much more time taken by the practical. I was faced with an immediate decision, Kanda having pulled a hamstring. The local doctor anxiously examined the leg. Eventually we decided to keep the exercise up to Kanda and give it more intensity. It was a great risk. Kanda could have developed scar tissue to the extent where another similar injury would have finished his career. The injury appeared fresh, however, so we decided to take the calculated risk. Mathias averaged 15 miles each day. There were times when Des and David privately implored me to make him stop running, and once or twice I nearly weakened; but we stood firm as a team and made Mathias run. He turned the corner on the Thursday and by Friday he was moving freely. The decision was justified one week later when he recorded the fastest marathon time run in southern Africa that year, to easily win the non-European title. Fortunately for me, he has had no recurrence of this injury.

A number of stories highlighted this enjoyable week at Selukwe. Ernie Williams pointed out an African distance-runner to me whose name was Chipo—the source of an article I just had to write for the *Rhodesian Herald* that following Saturday:

> "Each sport is faced with the inevitable search for real talent in any community, and unless the search is carried out diligently, and with skill, much wastage through loss of potential will occur. We, in Rhodesia, have a vast reserve of untapped talent in the 4.4m. resident Africans. Some of this is unearthed in the mines and some in the schools, but I can't help the feeling that we are still missing many.
>
> This point was forcibly brought home to me last week during a series of coaching courses at Selukwe. Some of Rhodesia's best coaches and athletes were in attendance. Lectures were given during the day and an examination held as the culmination of the academic programme.
>
> In the mornings, at seven, and afternoons at 4:30, practical and at times exhausting training sessions were held. In

six sessions the distance runners, for instance, covered more than 59 miles under competition conditions.

It was during the morning session that I first saw Chipo in action.

We had planned a gruelling 10-mile race which included John Shaba (the mine's 3- and 6-mile champion and No. 3 in the country), Washington Mangwengwendi (No. 2 distance-runner behind Bernard Dzoma), Robson Mrombe and Mathias Kanda (Olympic representative in 1964 for the marathon) and several other noted distance athletes.

The last four miles consisted of the hill climb into Selukwe from the Shabani Road—no mean feat to accomplish when fresh, let alone at the closing stages of a 10-mile road race.

John Shaba won in the great time of 56 min. Fifty yards further back was Robson Mrombe, and another 30 yards away was the incredible Chipo in third position.

At the start Chipo looked the most unlikely of athletes. His 'ribs to knee' red pants, floppily fitting R.C.M. track suit top, expressionless face, and heavily-muscled, stockily built frame belied his very real capacity to endure.

Des Lawler, Mrombe's coach and Wankie sports officer, first pointed him out to me with the remark: 'Look at that gutsy little bloke from R.C.M. I wonder how long he will last in the leading bunch?'

Both Des and Mangula coach Dave Clinker joined me in watching his progress with fascinated interest.

No one save possibly a few enthusiasts at the R.C.M., like Ernie Williams, had ever heard of him. Yet here he was, pacing it with the best in the country.

After the run he came over and showed me his feet. They were covered with red, raw blisters. I advised him to go straight to the nurse to receive medical attention. He nodded, but it was not until the next day, when he put up his most remarkable performance, that I realized he couldn't speak a word of English and had not consulted the nurse.

He turned out at the start in his prized possession, a cross-laced pair of tackies, ready for the 20-mile time-trial starting at Gwelo and finishing on the railway line at Selukwe, just before entering the little township.

The runners encountered a vicious, biting headwind, and

only two were able to finish. The winner was Robson Mrombe, in the fine time of 1 hr., 51 min.—and, of course, Chipo. He recorded 1 hr. 53 min. and finished so fresh that he could have turned around and gone back again.

His time, converted to marathon conditions, was 2 hrs. 27 min.—one minute under the winning time for the European South African Marathon title this year.

His revered tackies were full of blood, although he had given no indication of this throughout the race. The doctor advised him not to run for five days, and ordered the appropriate treatment.

Chipo was most upset, because he had entered in the three-and six-mile Matabeleland Championships in Bulawayo on the following Sunday, and desperately wanted to run.

His manager, Ernie Williams, promised him the trip, so peace and calm was preserved, and he told us the story behind this strange, sturdy fellow.

He came to the mine some time ago as a Shangaan and worked underground as a shift worker, pushing trams, and often went running just for the love of it.

The train driver of the Gwelo to Selukwe 'Flyer' approached Ernie one day and said: 'There is a bloke around here that should be in your track team. He keeps running behind the engine of this train, 10 miles out of Selukwe and 10 miles back.'

So Chipo joined the team. All the R.C.M. lads arrived too late for the Matabeleland 6-mile Championship at 9:00 a.m. on the Sunday, but there was Chipo lined up for the start of the 3-mile in the afternoon.

Blistered feet and all, he emerged from relative obscurity to impressively win the race and take his first major championship.

It will not be his last, and the whole episode sets me wondering how many more of these Chipos exist in this country."

The results of the test papers held at the end of the week were below average, mainly caused by the poor educational standards of most pupils. The practical side had been so invaluable, however, that I knew this conference had been really worth-

while. Ginger Webster from Guinea Fowl School joined us, and his enthusiasm was such that the local boarding-school boys benefited greatly also.

The South African Athletic Team visited Rhodesia three weeks later. Paul Nash, the world-class sprinter, headed a very strong contingent. He had equalled the world 100-metre record of 10 seconds three times in the one week, just prior to this visit; so we all awaited his arrival with mounting excitement. With the team came another world record-holder, my good friend Gert Potgeiter. In spite of poor eyesight, a legacy from his car smash in Germany in 1960, Gert had turned to pole-vaulting and was successfully clearing 13'6". By no means spent as an athletic force, this talented gymnast was also a member of their second relay squad. I persuaded him to stay on in Rhodesia and assist with the final coaching clinic planned for members of the security forces.

The police, Air Force and Army had their hands full at the Zambezi Valley at the time, but still managed to produce a combined squad of 40 men, all of whom were very interested physical training personnel. The Police Reserve gymnasium and lecture room facilities were made readily available, and the Police Track, which is the best urban surface in Rhodesia, was in peak condition. This track was in sight of Her Majesty's prison, where two Africans were hanged earlier that year for a heinous crime committed three years before against a defenceless man, woman and child on the ionely Melsetter road, and one for a murderous assault on a fellow African. Great political gain was made from this incident by Harold Wilson, benefiting from the world's innocence of the specific details. The final act of absurdity came when the British Government intervened, introducing the Royal pardon and placing Her Majesty in the ridiculous position of having to interfere in the internal affairs of a "rebel" colony.

The Rhodesian Government hanged the culprits in accord with the legal decision of the Rhodesian courts, but in so doing incurred the wrath of the rest of the world. There did appear to be a Constitutional anomaly by which these three men could have been cleared. However, the issue of capital punishment was confused with the issue of Royal mercy. We did not see Mr. Wilson intervene in the hanging of Ronald Ryan, twelve months before, in the state of Victoria, Australia. Ryan was hanged for

killing a prison warden while escaping from the Pentridge Gaol in Melbourne.

Two of the accused Africans had committed a much more atrocious crime at Melsetter, where, after stopping the car with a fallen tree across the road, they viciously stabbed the man 16 times, then petrol-bombed and burnt the car containing the wife and child. But for an approaching car, these two defenceless dependents would have perished also.

I do not approve of capital punishment, but to people who adhere to this ultimate form of punishment, the hanging of these three thugs represented justice at this time.

It was the declared intention of the Rhodesian Government to hang all terrorists, and this issue was also confused with these Salisbury hangings. The world was never clearly informed that the crime against Mr. Peter Oberholtzer had occurred before the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in November 1965. The Rhodesian Government has not hanged anyone as yet for purely terrorist activities, but these malevolents from Melsetter could never be described as "freedom fighters" in anybody's vocabulary.

The world press, of course, made ready headlines out of this unfortunate and critical situation. The emphasis was placed on the wailing dependents (who are always made to suffer in circumstances like this), and little attention was given to the relevant facts behind the whole issue.

In spite of gruesome stories about the Rhodesian police, their cooperation in this venture was willing and spontaneous. They may not be very gentle with their enemies, but to me they were most pleasant. It is possible for any vehicle to drive into the Police Barracks in Salisbury without interception, where security appears commensurate with the peaceful nature of the city. It was not always this way and may not be so in the future; but at present, internal calm has settled over the main cities of Rhodesia. The precincts of the Zambezi Valley are those of a battleground, and an official state of emergency exists. But to the ordinary citizen, life remains basically the same. He must abide by a ration of petrol tickets which is issued to him on the basis of his work, car-engine power and distance of compulsory monthly travel. He pays dearly for petrol, too, but extra tickets can be purchased for 6d. each, and the availability of motor fuel seems plentiful and assured. Very few Rhodesians carry guns, except

when travelling extensively, and apart from the odd prowler, women seem relatively safe in the main cities. However, the situation in Southern Africa can safely be described as explosive; and one can expect an escalation of hostility in this area, unless effective and unbiased action can be taken quickly by either Great Britain or the United Nations.

The black nations are pursuing a militant line, while the Government of Rhodesia is equally adamant that they will not surrender from their declared policies of responsible, if limited, government. One would have to be either a brave or very foolish man to predict the outcome.

Gert Potgeiter enthralled us with his examination of the fundamentals of hurdling, pole-vaulting and weight-training. He and friend Hannes Botha have produced a really effective teaching book on athletics. Potgeiter is in constant contact with the European and American coaches, so his information is always current and well-informed. We did not confine our lectures to athletics, but encompassed rugby, trampolining, hockey and other basic sporting-fitness programs as well. It has long been my contention that athletics forms a basis of general fitness for most other sports. To run, jump and throw are such basic movements that to ignore such simple athletic training is to ignore fitness reality.

Colin Bland and Rob Mundell, captains of the Rhodesian cricket and rugby teams, respectively, agreed with my thinking and are at present working on intelligent schedules encompassing broader aspects of fitness. And Adrian Bey, the national tennis captain, is a great believer in the value of general physical fitness before specific requirements are allowed consideration.

The security men responded; a lively coaching course resulted. Although these courses appeared highly successful, experience in other countries caused me to be wary in assessing results; and I expressed some of these doubts in my final report:

> "I am certain the mere passing of course examinations is not enough to ensure that adequate coaching will result. Better the man in the field with enthusiasm and a little knowledge, than the highly qualified, extremely intelligent coach astride an armchair, yet with ready solution to those unlikely athletes who are prepared to come to him."

CHAPTER 7

INYANGA

The U.S.A. Olympic team were to meet at a mountain resort alongside the California-Nevada border just prior to the Mexican Olympics. Here at South Lake Tahoe in September, and at three other Alpine venues, altitude acclimatization was being planned for the entire U.S.A. Olympic Track and Field Team. The age-long practice of insisting on the Olympic Trials as being the conclusive tests was being waived. Selectors wanted to be certain that athletes who performed well at sea level could adapt easily to 7500 feet. This little venture was to cost them one million dollars.

Great Britain, in spite of her financial difficulties, had selected a pool of 150 athletes from which the team would be chosen. Three week-end "get-togethers" in March, April and September were to be supplemented by a fortnight at Font Romeau in France in May, and the team planned to arrive in Mexico 28 days before the Olympics were due to begin. The British were allowed the liberal sum of £10,000 for these plans.

The French, although their costing was to remain undisclosed, were planning such fine altitude-preparation that a sum considerably in excess of the British figure must have been envisaged. Russia, Bulgaria, East and West Germany and Rumania each planned similar excursions, while the Japanese made no secret of their efforts by publishing complete results of all experimentation undertaken.

The Rhodesians were extremely lucky to have such an ideal area so readily available and at such low cost-potential. Eric Shore liked the idea. After receiving the report from Penn Wessells, he discussed the scheme with the National Sport Foundation and, determined to examine the situation more closely, decided to visit the area personally. I returned from Fort Victoria to go also along with Fred Cleary, Sports Editor of the *Sunday*

Mail, Eric's wife Mary, and an acquaintance of hers from England. The sun was setting low as we approached the last, winding, hilly stage of the 160-mile drive when the big 8-cylinder car failed to take a particularly nasty bend, just one mile short of the Inyanga Mountains Hotel. Mary Shore suffered most from the accident, although we all miraculously escaped serious injury. The mishap failed to dent the general enthusiasm for the scheme, and two weeks later Eric confirmed the Sport Foundation backing for two pilot weekend camps with selected athletes.

A meeting of the president and two other members of the athletic union in Salisbury two weeks before the first camp was due to begin, decided that insufficient time remained for the necessary organization. I was annoyed at their conservatism. I felt this camp represented something refreshingly new for the Rhodesian athletic fraternity and was worth pursuing, even if it eventually failed. The progressive Burnice Davies undertook the organization; the Rhodesian Breweries loaned us their bus, and many interested firms donated supplies. The support of the press was outstanding. Fred Cleary had confirmed several weeks before his unequivocable support. Glen Byrom of the *Rhodesian Herald* not only supported the scheme but made the trip personally and brought with him chief photographer, David Paynter. Although I had met this brilliant young photographer previously, it was during this first weekend camp at Inyanga that we established a firm bond of friendship which was to lead us into many interesting and successful ventures together. David wanted shots of the Rhodesian Olympic preparation for the overseas press, the South African papers and the *Rhodesian Sunday Mail,* which planned a special picture-page devoted entirely to the scheme. Glen Byrom envisaged a series of articles for the *Rhodesia Herald* the following week, so we were assured of bounteous publicity. I had always been wary of "paper talk." So much of it is hogwash and so many inaccuracies appear that I have often wondered at its end-value. Certainly one thing is clear—a misinformed or partly informed press is much more dangerous than one which is in full possession of the facts. I resolved to keep the whole issue of this camp in full view of the press, especially with David and Glen as its spokesmen.

Normally, a sporting venture like this would have no controversial attachments, but in view of the world situation, the

multi-racial aspect and the story of altitude-acclimatization, strong differences of opinion seemed certain to arise. There is no racial discrimination in Rhodesian athletics. The selection of athletes to attend the camp was based purely on performance and availability. The outstanding photographs taken by David Paynter which are displayed in the pictorial section of this book furnish ample evidence of this. I was warned that the black man, even though "very friendly," cannot be trusted to behave with the same moral tone as the European. It is accepted that the uncivilized section of these people settle for much more basic habits, but my contention that these African athletes were very civilized was entirely borne out by their subsequent behaviour.

A common mistake made by the European in Rhodesia is to lump all black men into the same basket. There is a much more varied range of intelligence, civilized thinking and educational standard in the African than there could ever be in the European. Surely the only way to fairly judge is to treat each African as an individual and start each assessment from scratch.

Some local athletic officials felt the acclimatization attempts were a waste of time. Dr. Myer Hodes and other medically-minded people agreed that the attempt was worthwhile; and the argument which floors the conservative in this case is: the experiment may indeed prove that no acclimatization is necessary for residents living at slightly lower altitudes than Mexico City's 7400 feet, but confirmation is still necessary. Simply, we could not afford to take the risk.

I felt the world needed to be told that Rhodesia's attitude to multi-racial sport was entirely different from that of South Africa. A mistake often made in discussions on Southern Africa is to include Rhodesia in the policy of apartheid. Loose-talking Northern African nations were beginning to spread the notion that Rhodesian Africans were excluded from participation rights in national sporting teams. Nothing could be further from the truth, and this was a matter in urgent need of correction. The photographic efforts of David Paynter and the amazing international coverage they received, silenced these ill-informed critics quickly and effectively.

The Breweries' bus pulled out of Salisbury at 5 p.m. It was loaded to capacity with athletes, coaches, food, equipment and personal luggage. Seven hours later, the expectant mood of the

athletes had changed little, but fatigue had begun to take its heavy toll of the spirits. George, the driver, had never driven over such rough terrain before and, although thoroughly competent, he was exasperatingly cautious. Any criticism of him melted away, however, when, as he steered the sturdy vehicle towards the crest of a steep hill, he paused for a brief moment, clasped both hands tightly together directly under his chin, rolled his large brown eyes reverently upwards and exclaimed: "We must be getting close to Jesus!"

Finally the bus rolled into the driveway of the children's hostel. Hastily I took pulse and breathing rates and dispatched the athletes to bed. Heavy *gouti* was falling outside, adding bite to the crisp, cold mountain air. Three of us surveyed the mountain road in preparation for the morning's run and found conditions rough but adequate. Bed was welcome at 2 a.m.

I tumbled out of my warm resting-place at *6* a.m. the same day. The athletes were again checked for basic pulse and breathing rates before they departed on the morning run. The distancemen ran 11 miles over steep hills, while the others, including the girls, covered an equally rugged 4!4 miles. Breakfast was welcome. A lively discussion group after breakfast covered topics ranging from personal training schedules to ways in which athletics, in general, could be given greater community emphasis. The pre-lunch session consisted of calisthenics, circuit training and a bus-pushing contest between two evenly divided and highly competitive teams led by javelin-thrower Willie Christie and shot-putter Addison Dale.

Lunch preceded an afternoon at the airstrip adjacent to Peter Storrer's farm, on the other side of the mountain. Conditions, although rough, were on the improve. Two weeks before our arrival, Bill Murray and the irrepressible Storrer had kidnapped a grader belonging to the local shire and had roughed out 900 yards of roadway alongside the grassed runway. Concrete, rectangular aircraft ground markings were useful for shotput, and discus and the javelin could be thrown from a shortened approach on the airstrip itself.

The locals had never seen athletes in action before. They came, watched with fascination, and resolved on the spot to thoroughly prepare this area for future camps. The response of the Inyanga citizens was both generous and spontaneous.

The evening was spent in relaxation, although most were understandably fatigued and retired early. Sunday followed a similar pattern. During the weekend the distance-runners had covered about 45 gruelling miles, while others did about twenty. This first successful camp received an inordinate burst of favourable publicity and opened the way for future similar ventures. I felt the most successful aspect of the camp lay in the reaction of the athletes themselves. They were inspired and talked incessantly of their experiences; others wanted to go to the next camp; and athletics had, at last, established an identity of attraction to the sports-loving public of Rhodesia. For athletics to answer the challenge of rugby, hockey and cricket, it was imperative that we equal or surpass the appeal engendered by their annual rewarding trips down south. The Inyanga camp captured the imagination of all Rhodesians and went a long way toward promoting a more interesting and exciting image for athletics.

Unfortunately, Penn Wessells had been called away that weekend, so blood-testing had to be postponed until the next camp in May. From research carried out in other countries, I decided that the following signs and symptoms should, as far as possible, be watched for during our two-day stay in the mountains.

1. Heartbeats per minute
2. Breathing rate per minute
3. Stomach disorders, particularly indigestion
4. Dizziness
5. Headaches
6. Dryness of mouth and lips
7. Upper respiratory tract infections
8. Liver pains and swelling in that area
9. Loss of weight
10. A drop in adrenal gland functioning
11. Sleeplessness

It was quite impossible for me alone to fully examine all of these points, and I merely asked the athletes to report abnormalities immediately they occurred. I observed certain things, but would never be foolish enough to call them conclusive.

1. There was a general rise in the number of breaths per minute required by all athletes.
2. All athletes, who breathed diaphragmatically, experienced no trouble with ventilation.
3. The pulse rates of the athletes who were less fit took much longer to return to normal than those who were carrying less weight and whose organism was functioning efficiently.
4. Minor snuffles were experienced by all.
5. Dryness of mouth and lips also occurred in most.
6. Two experienced headaches, although one of them often had similar problems at the 5000-feet altitude in Salisbury.

I came to the conclusion that two days were not sufficient to establish any measurable changes. The camp had been a success, though; and all decided the next, planned for mid-May, must materialize.

In the intervening weeks, resulting mainly from the wide publicity, other groups occupied the lodge. The record of one particular group of hoodlums masquerading as a church group read very poorly. They had turned the place into a pigsty, wrecking the library and the upstairs games area. The Inyanga people were upset at this and immediately imposed stronger restrictions on its use. I secretly hoped the Government Education Department or some group like the Rhodesian National Sport Foundation would take over the lease and develop its undoubted potential. It was suggested as a possible venue for an old people's home. I felt this would have been a mistake. The area belongs to the young and energetic; besides, I queried the wisdom of setting up an old people's home at 7000 feet. Surely altitude is the worst of influences to which the ageing heart should be subjected.

Some opposition to the scheme had been encountered by conservative influences in athletic circles. Their fears and doubts were cleared, however, when it was learned of the venture's undoubted success and that the Rhodesian Amateur Athletic Union would not have to spend a single penny on the deal. The odd official, with his nose out of joint, raised a weak voice in protest or ridicule or something. But in the main the athletic fraternity embraced the camp idea warmly and offered unreserved support.

Gert Potgeiter attended the second weekend in May as a visiting lecturer and coach. He was thrilled with its potential, and so was I when it concluded equally as successful as the first. I could notice a change in the attitude of some of the athletes by now. They seemed more dedicated, were prepared to work that little bit harder, and gave indication that the true spirit of athletics was beginning to emerge.

Under the fertile leadership of Dr. Bill Murray and Peter Storrer, the locals had held a meeting three weeks before we arrived. Each resident farmer was allotted a specific chore. As a result we found concrete circles for shotput, discus and hammer, a prepared javelin run-up, top-quality pits for the high, long and triple jumps, ten sensibly constructed hurdles adjustable from heights of 2'6" to 3'6", and 600 yards of firm surface suitable for even Tommie Smith to sprint on. Later we were told that 30 labourers had been employed for three days chopping the roots and other obstacles from this track and attending with a heavy, binding roller. Can one ever confine the generosity and hospitality of country people?

All was now in readiness for the most important of the three Inyanga camps. The far-reaching results from the school children's week-long teaching camp would prove more effective than any locally conducted clinic in the more mundane surroundings of their own areas. Jean Roberts, captain of the Australian Women's Athletic Team, was to attend as a teacher. Three keen physical educationists from Salisbury ensured that the camp would be staffed with fully qualified people. I had persuaded the new Wankie Sports Officer, Ron Riley-Hawkins, to attend, and he brought with him the genial Phineas Ajida. These two completed a very competent instructional team. Burnice Davies wasn't going to attend this camp. She felt the time had arrived for her to allow someone else the undoubted pleasure of being chief cook and bottle-washer, and her family commitments were mounting. Unfortunately the union officials were again slow to act, and impatience finally drove Burnice into accepting the work load once again.

We had planned a comprehensive program covering not only the teaching of athletics but also aspects of recreation, rock-climbing, public speaking and theatre. School children enjoy camping, but their appreciation is deeper and experience richer

if they are introduced to a variety of worthy interests which can be pursued throughout their lives. The camp had athletics as its strong bias, yet required major contributions from each child; and we discovered a number of hidden qualities which at first glance were not obvious. Financial backing came from the Milk Board. John Rodgers, the public relations officer for the Rhodesian Dairy Marketing Board, promised full support, but extracted his pound of flesh by requesting an article on milk to be written in my weekly athletics column, and then topped this off by making me a judge in the annual Dairy Queen competition at the Salisbury show. To closely inspect the qualities of two hundred young ladies over a three-day period was potentially dangerous and indeed nerve-racking. In spite of all, however, I managed to enjoy the experience.

Twenty-six youngsters from all parts of Rhodesia, representing Africans, coloureds and Europeans, assembled at the Davies' "Mansion" in Salisbury on the Sunday morning. Guinea Fowl School had promised the use of their luxury school bus, but it had broken down a few days beforehand and spare parts from South Africa were needed for the repair. The anxious situation was relieved when we twisted the arm of the Chaplin Headmaster, Mr. George Alis, and he obligingly bowed to the considerable pressure. Although a little dilapidated in appearance, its record for reliability was such that I knew it would suffice.

The bus trip from Salisbury to Inyanga allowed a spirit of camaraderie to develop amongst the children, and this tone strengthened as the week progressed. The young athletes were very impressed with Jean Roberts. About to compete in her first Olympics, Jean, whom I had coached for the previous ten years in Australia, was anxious to do well; so she resigned her job in Melbourne and temporarily migrated for ten weeks to Rhodesia. She had been invaluable in helping the Rhodesian athletes and, as a discus thrower, had much to teach the youngsters on the infinite details of the lesser-known throwing events. The athletes would sit around her for hours, talking incessantly about their problems, asking an unending line of technical questions and basking in the reflected light she cast into the shadows of their uncertain and unfulfilled experience. School children select their own idols, no matter what their parents recommend; and I was grateful that Jean presented such a wholesome and positive image.

Each athlete was required to give a ten-minute lecturette. During these sessions the youngsters found confidence in themselves, discovering the truth of the axiom that you don't really understand something until you have to teach it. An understanding of courage and tenacity of purpose was brought home in a variety of ways. Young Sue Knottenbelt of Chaplin School was terrified of heights. She approached the rock-climbing phase with trepidation. Just above World's View, high on the Inyanga Plateau, a precipitous Kopje juts out over the valley below. The climb is steep and in one part exposed to a tremendous 3000-foot drop. Not excessively dangerous, but frightening, the climb is a good test for nerve stability. Sue followed close behind me in the early stages of the ascent, strangely quiet; her teeth were gritted and her face ashen, but she gave no other indication of the inner turmoil. As we worked our way round to the rock face a little short of the final climb, her taut nerves gave way. Desperately she clung to the edge of a large rock, begging to be allowed to remain or to edge her way backwards down to safety. Terror, then uncontrollable tears seized her eyes. Her tall frame shook convulsively; we spoke firmly to her, very firmly. This was no time for sympathy. She clung, transfixed to the rock. Time was our companion, and slowly she recovered. A little later she moved tentatively in my wake and finally scaled the last section with relative confidence. Her overwhelming relief, like the aftermath of shock, was almost as traumatic as her original experience. Then, amazed at what she had done, Sue could not stop talking about it. The experience had matured her and strengthened her natural resolve to persevere with arduous training.

Alfred Ncube couldn't stop eating. The boys nicknamed him "The Basin." He thrived in the lively atmosphere of the camp and almost came to the stage of holding a conversation with me. Phineas, his confidant, assured me of his genuine delight. "Alfred is very happy and not sad," said Phineas. "He is going back to Wankie to tell his friends about this beautiful place. He is frightened that if he does not run fast he will not come next time. He cares no longer for girls, only for athletics."

Phineas, in simple, effective language, expressed the opinions of each African present. Little Peggy Mandudzo from the Dindingwe Club grinned permanently and giggled incessantly, whilst

Dera Magodo took off his regular genial expression only to broaden his smile. Bernard Dzoma and Mathias Kanda, the two Olympians, were also present and joined in the week's activities with fervent dedication. Neil Logan of Hamilton High School in Bulawayo benefited particularly from working with the two Olympic runners. He kept with them for the first part of the week, and after fading in the second half remarked, "Gee! This is hard, but now I know what is required." Bernard and Mathias were averaging twenty miles each day of hard, hill climbing, rock-dodging running; and their condition improved with each stride.

A circuit of telling exercises designed by the active Keith Youds ensured a quiet luncheon, and the sojourn to the airstrip each afternoon produced stiffened muscles, sore joints and dented prides. Nigel Hodder, the national sprint champion, waged a permanent battle with his unfitness. At times he failed; others were drawn matches. But on the occasions when he was successful, he beamed and conceded that this fitness business might have something after all. I admired Nigel's application. Although an asthmatic, he never found excuses at any stage, and always gave totally before becoming a spent force. There were moments for reflection, too. Patrick Arnott, a determined young high-jumper from Fort Victoria, had successfully cleared 5'10". This is good jumping in anyone's language. But when it was realized that congenital poliomyelitis had so reduced Pat's movement in one leg that he was forced to virtually hop to the bar before take-off, it can easily be seen how inspiring his example was to the others. Margaret Stokes, a young sixth-form student from Mabelreign Girls' High, had two permanent characteristics—a twinkle in her eyes and condemnation of her discus-throwing technique. Margaret worked long and productively with Jean Roberts, improving in both technique and distance.

The enjoyable week concluded on the Thursday evening with a grand concert. Phineas compered. No one was spared the indignity of performing, and much hilarity resulted. The co-operative residents of Inyanga Downs were there in force, as the most appreciative audience we could find. Graduating certificates were presented to all athletes who had attended the camp.

A simple comparison of Jean Roberts' blood-test results, with those of Rhodesians, continuously resident at altitude, is interesting—although again not conclusive:

Name	*Hemo-globin in grams (16 gm=100%)*	*P.C.V. normal 40-48*	*M.C.H.C normal 32-36*	*Red count per million*	*Special event*
Jean 19/6/68	13.5	39%	*35%*	4.6	Discus
" 4/7/68	13.6	38%	36%	4.5	
" 26/7/68	13.7	38%	36%	4.6	
Anthea, June	15.1	43%	33%	4.3	400-800 m.
Bernard "	15.4	47%	33%	4.7	5,000 m.
					10,000 m.
Langton "	15.5	49%	—	5.5	400-800 m.
John Shaba	14.5	46%	½	₹.8	marathon

As I drove down from the mountain the next day, I marvelled at the magnificent potential value of Chanor. The only critics of the place were those who had never been there, and the few negligible drawbacks were infinitesimal by comparison with the many assets. Chanor remains for the Rhodesians to demonstrate their sincerity of approach to the intricate problems of emerging youth.

CHAPTER 8

DISCIPLINE

During the planning stages of the children's camp at Chanor, the question of discipline arose. How does an organizer of a camp such as this ensure that discipline is maintained throughout?

An army or security outfit is governed by a discriminatory ranking scheme, along with multitudinous laws and punishments, where leadership is imposed and an ordered existence strictly adhered to. This galls all people who are individually-minded citizens and not mere cogs in a well-oiled but inhuman machine. Necessary though military regulation might be, this camp at Inyanga was to be an educational experience and not merely a training establishment. I thought back to the Greek times of Sparta and Athens: Sparta, with her courage, order and efficiency, and Athens with her liberal thought, philosophic emancipation and her exultation of the individual. Each had fine qualities, but I preferred Athens—not a permissive Athens, but the liberated thinking and depth of human understanding so evident in her many philosophic expressions.

I wanted the kind of discipline at Inyanga which is imposed by the group; the spirit of the group prevailing, rather than a dictated policy of law, laid down in inflexible precision. I firmly believe that punishment is almost unnecessary where the selfless spirit of understanding and service is created. Fine discipline surely is mutual respect, a balanced alignment of interests and unimpeded, commensurate growth of self-restriction. Where punishment is necessary, the situation has passed beyond positive control.

If children are kept busy, interested and alert they have little time to get into trouble. Preparation is necessary to reduce the inefficiencies of administration to a minimum and to keep the interest level high. Poor meals, sloppy punctuality, ill-prepared

talks, inadequate visual-aid production, rigidity of program and faulty equipment are certain to invoke trouble.

The capacity of the staff to cooperate and show due teamwork and initiative when inefficiencies arise is another important consideration. The children themselves must be involved in the camp and its conduct. All must have the attitude, "How can we help?" rather than, "Why don't they do this?"

The staff and children will benefit from getting to know each other better, although some staff occasionally forget that "familiarity breeds contempt." The imposition of petty and nagging rules is bound to arouse resentment, which in turn produces breaches in discipline. I once heard of a woman who insisted on getting the whole group out of bed at 7:30 a.m. to give them a prim lecture on behaviour, even during their week of relaxation. She did not heed the warning signs of discontent and lost control over the group long before the week had concluded.

Nagging is another sure way to arouse the resentment of children; and the tragedy of the poor, unsuccessful teacher blaming the class for his own inadequacy, all too often materialises. Once mutual respect is lost it is almost impossible to regain, and the camp suffers from the inevitable personality clashes which result.

The word "tone" is often used to depict the atmosphere which exists in a group. Any leader who does not understand the importance of this aspect is unfit to lead. Good tone is the spirit of contribution and approach; the atmosphere of togetherness and team spirit; the absence of quarrelsome individualism; oneness to a worthwhile cause; the give-and-take attitude towards differences; the mutual respect and positive thinking on the part of all members to the desired objectives. Nothing destroys the spirit of good tone quicker than small-mindedness from the leader and resentment to authority from the student. When this happens, then punishment, which is often so unjust, is called in to restore calm.

Tolerance of individual differences, the befriending of shy people, the placing of responsibility (not necessarily leadership) onto the shoulders of dissentients, and strength of decision are all essentials to effective camp discipline. Over-rigid control is as stupid as anaemic permissiveness. To give children a choice is a

very different thing from allowing them license to follow uncontrollable and destructive whims. Children respect strength of leadership and despise the permissive, indecisive muddler or misguided liberal.

Discipline is needed, but is rarely effective if imposed. A way around the law will be found; and this is usually much worse if shrouded in secrecy or controversy. I remember a teacher faced with the problem of small boys smoking on a trip. He decided to tackle the problem by allowing the boys to smoke for a certain time only. This simply did not work because, once he allowed the boys to smoke in his presence or with his knowledge, respect and the dignity of his position was lost. To try to re-impose his discipline without force was then almost impossible. It might have been better for this teacher to have disappeared from time to time and then returned with plenty of warning, so that the mischievous boys thought they were getting away with their few puffs and the dignity of the teacher's position kept intact. Better still to have taken the leader of the group aside and instructed him that, unless the cigarettes were collected from the boys and held intact until after the trip, he would confiscate all of the offending articles—or possibly to have sat the boys down and explained why he was opposed to their smoking at their age, and on a trip where he was responsible for their behaviour; or simply to have collected the cigarettes himself and returned them to the boys at the end of the trip—or to have created such a constructive control in the first place that a mere frown was sufficient to discourage the boys and deter them from placing the teacher in such an embarrassing situation. All of these solutions are better than the one he chose.

Children like to have a leader about whom they can speak. Once the respect has gone, then so too has their enthusiasm for what he represents. Children themselves like to contribute to the discipline of a camp. We elected a discipline committee consisting of one young member of the staff and two lively seniors from the group. It was their job to enact the principle, "Let the punishment fit the crime;" and their ingenuity for humour and just punishments ensured that all misdemeanours were minor in nature. Where children are genuinely laughing and the spirit of positive contribution is prevalent, discipline becomes a minor matter.

From time to time punishment is needed; and when this is so, the action should be strong, and so effective that the remainder of the group (including the children) is completely satisfied that right has prevailed.

It is easier to start the camp in a strict and efficient fashion and then relax a little, than to choose the reverse order. Children are creatures of habit and resent tightening up much more than they do initial decisiveness. A little old-fashioned "bluff" goes a long way with children, as long as it is obviously not untrue or persisted with to the point of being ridiculous.

We decided on observing two main rules at the camp:

1. Be on time for all activities.
2. Do unto others ....

CHAPTER 9

SALISBURY

I stayed at the Courteney Private Hotel on the fringe of the city proper. Salisbury had been selected above all other Central African cities as capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. This unhappy union was declared on the 3rd of September, 1953, following the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan's fateful "Winds of Change" speech; but it lasted only ten years.

Salisbury was a clean city, bustling with activity. It became the focal point of world interest in November 1965 and has remained so. It had a population of 330,000, two-thirds of which was African. Civilization was present in all aspects, including television; the streets were seldom crowded except on Saturday mornings when out-of-town people flocked to the capital.

The mass exodus of Africans from the rural areas and reservations over the past few years is the main cause for Salisbury's unemployment figures. Sanctions had failed to dull her brilliant cloak of social expression; and many farmers had apartments there, being frequent visitors to her comparatively abundant attractions. Two sophisticated nightclubs vied for patronage whilst another, exclusively for the younger set, picked up sufficient of the crumbs. The theatres, situated mostly in Union Avenue, were always advertising current movies—the impressive Reps Theatre catered to those with a preference for live entertainment. If something big was going to happen in the country, it always happened first in Salisbury. International cricket and rugby games were played there, and personal appearances of such "pop" celebrities as Trini Lopez were not likely to be a financial success in any other centre.

Accommodation was expensive, and new buildings were not as plentiful as one might have expected. The University College of Rhodesia stood proudly on a hill at the western end of

Second Avenue, surrounded by beautiful colonial-style houses settled on large urban blocks. The elite of Rhodesian society lived here in quiet and picturesque garden settings. Further north in Highlands the remainder of the favoured citizens had settled into even more imposing homes with even bigger frontages. Private swimming pools and tennis courts were common.

Each family had its African domestic employees, many of whom had been so long in the one employ they were regarded as inseparable members of the family. Rhodesia has been criticized widely for this domestic system which the world avers smells of privilege and laziness and exploitation. Certainly life is easier for the Salisbury mother who, if resident in most other parts of the world, would be her own domestic. South Africa has a similar system, and so does Mexico. After comparing the three, I felt the Rhodesian system was clearly superior. The "boss" was expected to provide food, housing and medical care. Most provided for the education of the children, family clothing and all other basic needs as well. The African domestic was paid a low wage, but at least this was all his—his yearly tax bill of £ 1 per annum was the envy of his blood-brothers in neighbouring countries. The domestic quarters were inspected regularly by a special board set up by the government. European householders who provided inferior or unhealthy African quarters were fined heavily. The regulations governing overcrowding were the most stringently imposed. Although the domestic system was convenient, it provided a huge avenue of employment for the semi-literate African, and examples of exploitation were rare. Generous European families, and there were many, employed more workers than they needed. One special friend I have in mind employed seven domestics in and around his house. One, an old man, was paid for only one task: he cooked the eggs every morning for breakfast.

Indeed, the African has reached a high degree of skill in the art of cooking. A number of European wives confessed to me during my journeys that their African cooks were indispensable, and many families rated the cook as being distinctly superior to Mum. Some of these Africans were taught in schools, others in community dining halls; but most received their initial training in the European household. They were very proud of their work and were most hurt should the visitor refuse a single serving.

My own waistline suffered extensively as a result of their prowess.

The isolated case of brutality appeared in the daily press, but was dealt with summarily by the courts.

Cheap Indian stores, their wares openly displayed to the eager African buyer, lined the narrow streets of downtown Salisbury. These Indians specialized in clothing and materials, having a ready sale in the clothes-conscious African professional man.

The industrial sites were further south, well out of the city proper; and the African quarters were closely placed to avoid excessive transportation costs. Well over 200,000 people lived in Harari. During the unsettled days of 1959-61, riots and demonstrations frequently turned this large township into a battleground. It was still considered unsafe for Europeans in the evening, but during the day it was peaceful. Thousands of picannins played in the narrow alleys and spilled out onto the wider artificial roads. Houses were rectangular in construction; most had electricity and a few boasted of telephone installation. Acrid fumes of green fuel burning in the pokey little kitchens drifted continuously from the prefabricated dwellings. The cement structures, bedraggled and much in need of paint, were as colourless as the lives of the occupants. Detribalised and many of them out of work, the residents of Harari existed in such meagre circumstances that it was not hard to imagine them becoming discontented with their lot. The government, through African representation and welfare officers, was genuinely trying to help. The population explosion amongst the Africans was the major stumbling block. Each African family bred profusely—eight or ten children in one family being common. Some of the homes which I visited were hopelessly dilapidated on the outside but spotlessly clean inside. The African *imtfasi* took meticulous care, especially if her upbringing in the tribal reservation had been sound. Furniture might be missing from some or food in others, but all had one piece of equipment in common—a transistor radio which was permanently tuned to the national African station.

Not all African families lived in penury. Joseph Dangeranbezi, African Sales Manager for the Rothman's organization, owned over 150 long-playing records, mostly of classical music. He explained to me one day the reason for this. Fortunate enough to be sent to a boarding school in Umtali, Joseph as a schoolboy

had been submitted for one period a week to musical appreciation. For the first five years, he, along with the rest of the class, hated this period. Then one day for no apparent reason Joseph began enjoying the more sophisticated art form. He soon became an ardent admirer of such great men as Ludwig Beethoven and Peter Tchaikowsky. He was quick to add, however, that his six children, and particularly his wife, did not share his musical interests.

Sporting facilities were provided in abundance but, I felt, were not being put to full use. Never once did I see Africans playing on the tennis courts adjacent to the fine Harari cinder track. This was in direct contrast to the courts in the European areas, which were in constant use. The African youth flocked to the soccer pitches, however, while the European youngsters preferred the rugby fields. Scientific training was only just being introduced into sport. The congenial rugby coach of the famous Salisbury Sports Club rocked me one morning when he confessed that the club had installed a bar in the rugby changing rooms as a means of fostering team morale following their arduous forty-minute training sessions on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Salisbury prided itself in its many sporting facilities, which were in keeping with the fun-loving nature of the people. Sport was still an amateur affair, with much lethargy towards serious training. Coming from a country where winning is everything, it was refreshing to see the truly amateur approach of the game meaning more than the result. But this was of course the very reason why I and four other national coaches had been brought to Rhodesia. For any country to succeed in international competition, an intolerant ruthlessness towards all soft thinking is necessary. The moguls of professional interests have seen to that. Australian tennis teams, masquerading as amateurs, have dominated the world scene for many years now, whilst lucrative American college scholarships and giant East German sporting complexes have kept their sportsmen well to the fore. The Rhodesian sportsman, just beginning to emerge with will and ambition, has a long way to go.

Politically, Salisbury was alive. Visiting journalists, diplomats and all kinds of "experts" arrived and departed regularly. Most of these visitors realised the limitation of "flying visits." But inevitably the few, armed with a pile of newspaper editorials

and scanty stories witnessed through prejudiced eyes, scampered back to their homelands with enriched tales of discrimination, exploitation and privilege. The more discerning departed with mixed thoughts over the complex problems facing this beleaguered country; the more they saw of Salisbury, the less clear the issues became. Eventually majority rule will prevail in Rhodesia and perhaps Salisbury will be renamed Harari, but when this does happen I hope the country is big enough to embrace all of its legitimate children.

CHAPTER 10

A SECOND AND A THIRD LOOK AT SOUTH AFRICA

I flew to Johannesburg on Good Friday. The South African European Championships were to be held over the Easter holiday at the Wanderers' Ground in the heart of this famous city. The financial centre of South Africa, Johannesburg looked from the air like an intermittent group of giant anthills surrounded by evidences of a rich civilization. And rich, indeed, is South Africa. Producing so much of the world's diamonds and gold, she does not even need to sell her strikes and can afford to stock-pile. In fact, if South Africa discovered oil in sufficient quantities she would be entirely self-sufficient. The irate world is proposing sanctions—but to what avail? Through the prolonged closure of President Nasser's Suez Canal, all shipping routes go round the Cape of Good Hope and refuel at either Cape Town, East London or the ever-popular Durban. South Africa is Britain's second-largest trading partner; and France, in dire financial straits, leans heavily on the rich South African arms contract.

The Dutch claim they were the original inhabitants of this wealthy land; and, apart from a few indefinable Hottentots, history supports their claims. The Zulus and other Bantu tribes moved south after the Dutch occupation. Three devastating wars were fought against the Zulus, and one early this century against the British. The Dutch people will never forget these conflicts. Even today evidences of them can be found in the proud statues that stand in Pretoria and other predominantly Afrikaaner cities.

The country is bi-lingual. This I thought an excellent thing. All teaching is in either English or Afrikaans. Each student must learn and reach a reasonable standard in both. Newspapers, however, appear in the streets in either of the two languages, and radio stations are equally partisan. There is no television at present in South Africa. The conservative Nationalist Govern-

ment and the influential Dutch Reform Church have succeeded in keeping it at bay, although the rumour that 1972 will see its introduction and that of colour television as well is a commonly heard "public secret."

The hospitality of the South African people was remarkable. They may have their racialistic characteristics, but poor manners could never be numbered amongst their failings. The average man in the street is not anxious to talk politics. He is happy to have internal peace. The dire predictions of "Twilight in South Africa" and racial conflagration of the late 40's and early 50's have not come true. The African appears content with his lot also.

I did not like apartheid, however. I don't see why the African cannot compete in sport against his fellow South African (classification white); and the sight of the African using the lift at the back and catching different buses was strange. I didn't talk much about politics, though, and just as well. One Afrikaaner said to me, "You! an Australian talking this way! You have the king apartheid policy of all time—you don't let the black man in, in the first place. I tell you what—you send your 100,000 aborigines over here and we'll swap our 10 million Bantu. How would you like that?"

Other than object to the cattle-like way he lumped all black men together, there was little I could say. The whole colour question was much deeper than any simple "yes-no" philosophy, and interference in other people's business had never been a favourite pastime of mine. He went on to say that "the biggest trouble in Africa is double standards. One for me and a stricter one for you. Do you know that 1/3 of the Finnish people haven't the vote? The Laplanders are regarded, as we look at the Bantu, as being too uncivilized and nomadic to cast a responsible opinion. Yet Finland censures us in the United Nations."

I didn't check his facts, and he sounded convincing until I asked him, "If you were an intelligent black man with a wife and child, would you relish leaving these dependents to work in a mine one hundred miles away? Would you care not to have a say in the policy that brings this situation about? And how would you consider a situation where, as the best cricketer in the state, you were unable to represent your homeland against the English, the Australians or the West Indies?"

After this year in Africa I have reached one very solid conclusion. The intrusion of politics into sport, whether benevolent of otherwise, is an iniquitous thing. The level of thinking which exists between politicians is by definition much less noble than that fraternity which is possible amongst sportsmen. Mexico City several months later was to prove this. Although the Czechoslavakians were not bosom pals with the Russians, each firmly and openly appreciated the efforts of the other sportsmen—and Czechoslovakia had plenty of serious grounds for complaint.

On my first trip to South Africa, I heard of their re-inclusion into the Olympic Games and saw the joy amongst Olympic sportsmen. The International Olympic Federation had appointed a three-man committee to investigate. In their report the question of South Africa's readmission had favoured those countries who would not brook external interference into local politics. South Africa had agreed to send one unified team. The team was to travel, compete and billet as one nation, with no preferences for any particular racial group. The team selection was to be open and fair and all selection committees multi-racial.

Then the fun started. The nations of the Afro-Asian bloc were not prepared to abide by the umpire's decision and threatened boycott. The undecided, weaker members waited until the winds had blown the current trends into the boycott corner and then joined the massive walkout. Kenya called loudest and longest. Russia sounded the death note by stating officially that multi-racial trials must be held to select the South African team. South Africa replied that all selection committees would be completely multi-racial, but this did not satisfy the Soviet.

The city of Bulawayo offered its resources to the South Africans, so an opportunity was provided for them to conduct multi-racial trials outside their own country, but they refused. This, I believe, is where they made their mistake. Had they held such trials the African nations would have been hard pressed to hold their boycott together. Without the support of the larger nations, especially the U.S.A., U.S.S.R., East and West Germany, France and Great Britain, this boycott would have failed. Nevertheless, come what may, the International Olympic Federation had succeeded in getting further with the South Africans in reducing apartheid than the United Nations or any other body. The concessions promised were better than a thousand words in a thousand parliaments.

Two months later, the South Africans were voted out of the Games. Mexico led the movement to have South Africa expelled, and this whole reversal of decision was thoroughly distasteful. To invite a country back into the family of nations and then, a few months later, unceremoniously reject them so, is a blatant violation of every principle expounded in the Olympic Games Charter. I wonder whether South Africa's violation (and in discriminating in sport on grounds of colour, they are guilty of offending the Olympic Charter) is any worse than that of the boycotting countries. The attitude is one of the small boy playing cricket in the street with the neighbourhood children. Upon being bowled out he takes his bat and the only ball and goes home. Surely if the emerging countries are to have the privilege of the equal vote, then they must accept the responsibility which goes with equality of recognition. Surely all nations must be allowed the right of participation in the Olympic Games. Once political pressures cause the exclusion of any one nation, then the Olympic truce becomes a mockery. The South Africans are not innocent, as they openly admit racial discrimination; but neither, too, is the rest of the world when it sits idly by and permits smelly local arguments to violate the sacred charter, as happened in the case of Rhodesia. It was not racial discrimination which led to her exclusion but political pressure, exacted in large measure onto an unfortunate Mexico, from a well-organized group working within the protective atmosphere of the United Nations.

Perhaps the unluckiest of South African sportsmen was Paul Nash. I first met Paul at the warm-up track next to the Wanderers' Ground. He was doing "run-throughs" under the watchful eye of coach John Short. A torn hamstring muscle was worrying him; and, at first glance, we knew we would not see him in action during the championships. The risk was too great. Although he was very keen to compete, Paul had far too much to lose through hasty optimism. Young Nash had achieved remarkable results that season. On three occasions in the one week in February he had clocked 10.0 secs, for the 100 metres, thus equalling the world record and casting, for a brief moment, the world spotlight onto South African athletics. Resulting from a trip to U.S.A, the previous year, Paul had improved his upper body strength, his rhythm and stride length, and was now

working on his starting technique. A modest young champion, Nash was in his third year of a commerce degree at Witwatersrand University and planned to combine a career of sport and business administration. To see his coordination with coach John Short was an education in itself. Mutual respect was the keynote. Along with excellence of training and competitive advice, John's earthly sense of humour relieved any tense situations. I thought then as I do now that the winner of the Olympic 100-metre final at Mexico in October would have only one regret—that Paul Nash was not present to make the title of "the fastest man in the world" truly legitimate.

On Easter Sunday, John and Paul took me by car to the Orlando African Stadium on the outskirts of Johannesburg to witness a meeting of Bantu champions. They introduced me to Humphrey Khosi, South Africa's top non-white athlete, who was also bitterly disappointed at South Africa's exclusion from the Olympic Games. Khosi had reached the Olympic qualifying standards in both the 400 metres and 800 metres.

The meeting was organized by the Africans and, although marred by program changes and rough weather, proved very successful. John explained, "The urgent need of the black man in South African athletics is for specialist coaching. He has loads of talent and excellent facilities, but as yet little experience. The annual overseas trip to Great Britain is helping, but will only begin to bear fruit when techniques are fully mastered."

John was bitter about the Kenyan action in withdrawing from a major British competition because the South African non-European team would be competing.

"I can understand their animosity toward the South African white team, but not towards Humphrey Khosi, Joseph Laserwani, Daniel Metsing and the others," he said.

The Rhodesian team had unexpected success at the Easter Championships. Philip Capon surprised by winning the high jump, Anthea Davies worried herself into third-placing in both the 400 metres and 800 metres for women, and volatile javelin-thrower Willie Christie failed by only four feet to win the men's javelin.

Two weeks later the Rhodesians triumphed in the non-European Championships held at the Libanon Mine Track, twenty miles from Johannesburg. Mathias Kanda and Robson

Mrombe fought a thrilling battle in the marathon to take first and second platings, respectively. Kanda had run the entire race barefooted, whilst Mrombe's time of 2 hours, 28 mins, had been a full six minutes ahead of the nearest South African. The altitude of 6000 feet gave excellent indication of how well these two could be expected to perform in Mexico City. Bernard Dzoma won a thrilling 5000-metre duel from Daniel Metsing, and Wilfred Ngwenya easily accounted for the javelin and pole vault. His javelin throw of 229 feet was over ten feet further than the winning European throw of two weeks earlier. Wankie walker Michael Lumba shattered the 1500-metre walk record and Atwell Mandaza won the 200-metre final. A first-placing in the triple-jump and the 4 X 440-metres relay completed an excellent weekend for the Rhodesian Africans. The team returned to Rhodesia in triumph.

David Clinker, the Leprechaun and myself had driven down to Johannesburg for the non-European Championships. Just south of Beitbridge, we passed the famous Messina copper mine and noted with surprise that sports promotion had only recently begun there.

The drive through the Transvaal brought back many stories of early South African and Rhodesian history, associated with this colourful province. In the late 1820's Mzilikazi, a dissentient general of Tshaka (the greatest of Zulu chieftans), had fled from Zululand to the north and, after many punitive adventures in the Transvaal, finally settled in the Bulawayo area. He had established the Matabele legend by the time his equally famous successor, Lobengula, came to power in 1870. It was this Matabele chief who fought the British settlers during the unsettled years from 1893-1897.

We sang of "Sarie Marais" and marched "to Pretoria," revelling in the expansive countryside which so vividly reminded me of many parts of Australia. We returned to Rhodesia happy at the success of the athletes, but wary about the future of Rhodesia's Olympic Games effort. The circumstances of the South African reversal meant the establishment of a precedent which knew nothing of, nor cared about, the principle of international cooperation and goodwill.

I knew then that Rhodesia too would be excluded from the Games of the 19th Olympiad.

CHAPTER 11

A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL

May 11th was a red-letter day for Rhodesian athletics. The star-studded South African team was in Salisbury, and 5000 fans attended the Police Ground to see the action. Nash was to tackle the world record for the 100 metres, and Fanie Van Zijl the four-minute mile. Two other sub-10.3, 100-metre sprinters were there, in Sakkie Van Zijl and W. van Der Westhuizin; and for the women, Theresa van Rensburg and Anita Botha promised fast runs. The field events were not neglected, with giant David Booysen, a sixty-foot-plus shot-putter, and attractive discus-thrower Letita Malan both set on establishing long-standing Rhodesian records.

The day was exciting and refreshing. The Rhodesian people were introduced in one session to a touch of world class, and they responded with renewed interest in the affairs of track and field.

No world records were established that afternoon, but such fine efforts as Theresa Van Rensburg's 11.5 secs, for the women's 100 metres and Sakkie Van Zijl's 20.8 secs, for the men's 220 yards were solidly acclaimed. Paul Nash ran 10.2 for the 100 metres. He ran well and thrilled with his natural rhythm, but an elementary mistake robbed him of any chance to set a new world mark when he mistook the 100-yards finishing line for the 100 metres and slowed appreciably. It made his time of 10.2 secs, look really good, and he was first to condemn his foolishness in not running "through the tape." Anxiety over his leg, which was still troubling him, caused him to relax pressure prematurely. We, in Rhodesia, made an elementary mistake too in not having him timed over the 100 yards as well as the 100 metres. His time at this point could have been 9.1 secs.; but then we will never know. Rhodesia's Atwell Mandaza with a 10.4 100 metres, and Nigel Hodder, a 21.7 220 yards, showed the obvious benefit of international competition.

A little over a week later I was glad to return to the Inyanga Mountains after six hectic weeks of coaching and teacher-training. It is impossible to undertake such a comprehensive trip as this Rhodesian experience without running into individuals whose personality and achievements tower above all others.

Peter Storrer, the Australian farmer, was one such individual. He was known throughout the land for his humour, industry and decisive action. Whether it was a pugilistic contest or a society cocktail party, you could rely on Peter to produce the unusual. Each time his Holden car (one of the very few in Rhodesia) rolled into "Reserved for Management" section of Troutbeck Inn, the call to man battle-stations went out amongst the hotel staff. Bearded, terrified Don behind the bar immediately impounded all removable signs like "Gentlemen are requested to wear jackets and ties" and any other offending article to the sanctity of the hotel safe. Once settled in the most comfortable chair, with mini-cigar in one hand and a Castle lager in the other, Peter's stories would start to flow.

He would tell of a neighbour who was amongst the early settlers on the mountain, and how he once fought a leopard with the help of an elderly friend and an enthusiastic picannin. The leopard was entangled in an old wire trap, so the farmer went into the house to get his gun and loaded one bullet into the breach—and, not to be extravagant, put a spare in his hip pocket. He then took careful aim at the animal and shot the predator at point-blank range. He shot the leopard in the paw. Enraged, it struggled free and attacked the farmer, gnawing frantically at his right arm. While he struggled with the beast, the picannin grabbed its tail and kept the thrashing hind legs from dis-embowelling the farmer. The old man tottered in to help as well. Nothing happened, the gun having fallen into the mud, and on account of there not being any ammunition in its breach.

"In my hip pocket!" yelled the fast-fatiguing farmer. The old man recovered, at great risk, the pocketed bullet, cleaned the muzzle with some straw, loaded the rifle and shot the leopard. Exhausted, the picannin and farmer lay panting underneath the heavy carcass.

"Where are you going?" the farmer called to the old man, who was slowly making off into the distance.

"I'm going to fix that big hole in your lounge-room wall." he replied. "Your wife has caught a death of cold, so I might as well save her life now I've saved yours."

The irrascible old farmer freed the picannin and gave him a few tikkies, left the skin for the old man and went into hospital for a check-up. He stayed three days. On the morning of the third day he was given the O.K. for discharge. He went to pay his account.

"That will be £3," said the pretty hospital cashier, "one pound for each day."

"But this is only 10 a.m. of the third day," said the careful farmer.

"Oh! but you pay one pound a day whether it's the whole or just part of a day," she replied.

Our farmer thought for a while, then brightly paid his £3 and jumped back into the hospital bed for the rest of the day.

Peter's fund of stories was endless, although his own achievements often dwarfed them. He took me on a tour of his farm. A hump on the road outside the front gate was dug by his Africans to stop the public buses from speeding past.

"Please! In forcing them to slow down," he said, "we do two things—lessen the number of accidents at the base of the hill and eat a little less dust around the farm."

He thought the hump idea was great and proudly displayed his own warning sign fifty yards further up the road, until the bus company complained and a gang of council workmen emerged from the local village to flatten the offending obstacle. Undeterred, Peter and his Africans waited until they had finished and gone, then promptly reconstructed the hump.

Shortly afterwards one bus, rejoicing in the supposed emancipation, sped gaily down the hill with careless abandon. Peter's crew of expert trench-diggers had so constructed the hump that the bus would simply take to the air for a few seconds, but little likelihood of injury could result. The speeding bus encountered the hump, took to the heavens, and landed gracefully on all four wheels several yards further down the road. Peter's mercy crew was ready for any mishap; but, instead of blaming the hump, the passengers took to the driver and chased him over the hill.

The game of erasing the construction went on for several

days until finally the weary villagers returned to tell the council of defeat and chagrin. The hump remains to this day.

His favourite annual dodge was to load up the old horse with a few provisions and cross into nearby Portuguese East Africa. He always warned the army over there, so they made it an annual maneuver to try and locate him. They have never succeeded and always had to be content with a social beer, enjoyed by all, in the nearby villa before Peter made the return journey.

Peter was intensely loyal to all Rhodesians, black or white. The dining room of the Troutbeck Inn tells another chapter of the Storrer saga. One sure way to involve Peter in war is for a white Zambian to visit the dining room at Troutbeck and insult an African waiter. It is a cowardly act on their part, for they dare not say this in the open in Zambia, for fear of reprisals; so they vent their hatred on innocent Rhodesian Africans in an atmosphere which they think is sympathetic. Such incidents usually appal most guests, but do not necessarily bring defensive action from them. Not Peter. He springs to his feet immediately, says the first thing that comes to mind, and is ready to engage in fisticuffs if necessary, defending the African to an extent where even the wronged party is highly embarrassed.

"Don't you call our African gentlemen Kaffir bastards. You're the real Kaffirs—white Kaffirs!"

Rarely, as with most bullies, do these trash whites carry the issue any further.

Peter Storrer had landed in Rhodesia, penniless and eager for action, shortly after the termination of World War II. He had updated his age to enter the Australian Navy after an education at the famous Geelong Grammar School on Corio Bay, just a few miles from the large provincial city of Geelong. He had intended staying with relatives in Rhodesia, but had soon quarrelled with them and set out to make his own fortune. For a decade he worked the tobacco farms, rising to be manager, but accruing more experience than wealth. An early attachment had failed, so he lived apart from romantic ties until he met Jane, his present wife. In true Storrer fashion he overcame formidable opposition to win her. He had something in common with Eric Shore. In spite of many scraps, and he would scrap often, he was an intensely loyal man. Once he befriended you, it would stay that way through thick and thin.

Today the Storrers run one of Rhodesia's finest farms, specializing in stud sheep and potatoes, with other fringe efforts such as pine plantations, fruit trees and experimental horticulture. Quite recently he received the award for having the finest soil-conservation system in the country. However, it was not a steady climb to success. A very serious illness to Peter several years before, caused him to return to Australia for eighteen months and nearly wrecked all his future plans. While in Australia with Peter, Jane worked on all manner of jobs to keep the financial balance favourable. A man of decisive character, his promise to help the athletes exceeded all our expectations and, as we were to find out later, typified Storrer the man.

His colourful behaviour incurred the wrath of Bill and Anne Lount, owners of Troutbeck, on many occasions. But secretly these two were very fond of him, revelling in his many antics. Periodically he would be banned from the bar for numbers of days—always relative to the extent of his crime. He was once banned for three weeks, for putting out the fire in the main bar at 5 p.m. along with another incorrigible local villain.

Around Salisbury showtime, Peter goes into serious training, or his horse does, to equip him for the heavy social obligations associated with the three fertilizer companies who provide his farm supplies. He pounds his sweating horse up and down the airstrip until he is satisfied with the daily workout. Towards the end of each impressive session Peter would announce, "I'm in training, you know—I've got to get my boodle back. These fertilizer companies provide free beer for their better customers at the show next week, so I have to go into serious training to get back some of my £3,000 spent on fertilizers." As he laughingly galloped his panting, blowing horse back for another stretch, I mused on the possible cost of a pint of horse beer.

Peter's farm had grown with his prosperity. His house was a haven of stone and pine, with ever-present signs of Jane's femininity. Priceless skins of many animals, a legacy of his bygone hunting days, lined the walls and floors of the homely, two-storied dwelling. The large living room contained the two ivory tusks of his first elephant, and two more ushered the visitor to his room upstairs. His cook, Dennis, was one of the family. Peter "roasted" him once a week and had been doing so for the last umpteen years while his farm supervisor indicated his feeling for Peter by staying over fifteen years beside "the

boss," who treated him so well. Whatever the supervisor said was good enough for Peter, who backed him in all labour matters.

Stray *"mombes"* would wander onto the farm from time to time, eating precious crops and destroying fences. Peter's effective method of bush-justice was to get his workmen to round up these strays and impound them. The careless owners would soon arrive and beg for the release. Peter found the best way to avoid violation was to charge the owners for the release. He always split this money with his employees and earned their confidence in so doing. A *mombe* to an African is a sign of wealth. To own large numbers of cattle is often more important than to have large sums in the bank. As Peter puts it, "Please! They are either careless or guileful to allow their animals to stray like this. Either way, they must be taught."

Peter Storrer is a strong supporter of Mr. Ian Smith. He hates extremes and is just as strong on what he calls the permissiveness of the Liberals as he is condemnatory of the Right-wing bigotry. He will be heard at times to say of reactionaries, "Please! If that man ever got into power he would turn the clock back one hundred years"—and at other times to condemn "those weak-gutted liberals who just want to bail out of all responsibility."

Jane Storrer had strong opinions of her own, also. A very loyal Rhodesian, she supported all moves to maintain order in the country. She openly contended that, if independence were granted immediately, the same tragic conflict between races would occur in Rhodesia as has happened everywhere else in liberated Africa.

Both were staunch, but I'm pleased to say rational, supporters of the Rhodesia Front. They typified those responsible Rhodesians who are generally looking for a fair solution to this immense problem without the subjugation of standards, and yet with a conscious mind to the welfare of all people.

CHAPTER 12

A TRIALOGUE

Scene. The recently formed Quill Club, a not-too-exclusive press and public relations club, the visible evidence of which can be seen in two small rooms adjoining one of the many corridors of the world-renowned Meikle's Hotel. A window, opening onto the street from the main bar, provides an emergency exit.*

Background Dress-. Safari suits, broad-cuffed trousers beneath tieless, unkempt, sweat-soaked shirts or smart executive-styled suits. An occasional female plumage with not-too-gay colour from an unsuspecting wife or girl friend.

Characters-.

WILLIAM BOTHINGHAM—*Born in Rhodesia of English parents; conservative in dress and politics; extreme views in government; rigidly anti-African; junior partner in "Jones, Smith, Brown and Bothingham," chartered accountants.*

ASHLEY GLIB—*Recently arrived from Great Britain; just completed tertiary studies in psychology; foundation member of the "Revived Socialist Club" and Secretary of the "Anti-Hanging Council"; bearded, with longish hair and distinct Oxford accent.*

GERT BENIGNMAN—*First-generation Rhodesian, one parent British, the other Afrikaaner; employed by the teaching service as an insurance agent; married, with four children; house in Highlands; employs four servants and pays them well; plays rugby on Saturdays for Sports Club, but rarely appears at training; writes church notes to the "Rhodesian Herald" each month.*

Each is seated around a low table in the small annex, reading sections of the overseas press. The spark of contention is lighted with a peremptory remark from a disgusted Bothingham.

BOTHINGHAM: These bloody Kaffirs up north want to invade Malawi from Tanzania. Ought to put a bomb on top of them all!

BENIGNMAN: Have you any idea what they are complaining about?

GLIB: How could you expect him to understand when he has such a closed mind?

BOTHINGHAM: Closed? Eh! What about all the terrorists pouring over the borders in the Zambezi Valiev? They're up to no good also.

GLIB: They are not terrorists, but legitimate freedom-fighters who eventually will overthrow this fascist Smith government.

BOTHINGHAM: You! A Rhodesian talking this way? You sound like one of those permissive, weak-livered intellectuals. Why don't you stand up for your country?

GLIB: Be damned it's our country! It belongs to the African. We have no right here. The sooner the white man either gets out or hands over to the rightful owners, the better.

BENIGNMAN: You're talking nonsense. Why can't the country belong to all who sincerely wish to live in it?

BOTHINGHAM: How can he make sense? He really thinks that we should hand over to the blacks, unconditionally, and without compensation. I'll be damned if I'll give up my possessions to a crowd of *popijons,* so little removed from the apes.

GLIB: Your vile tongue betrays your sordid thinking. How dare you infer that these African people aren't human beings like us. You are a fascist swine.

BOTHINGHAM: Permissive, liberal, gutless traitor!

(Each man is on his feet, fists clenched, faces white and tempers almost abandoned. Benignman jumps up quickly between the two irreconcilable antagonists and with equal emotion demands'.)

Gentlemen, please! Sit down! Let's discuss this like reasonable people, for there is some doubt here today on who are civilized people and who aren't. There will be no bar-room brawl in this club. *(The explosive tension eased, each slowly resumes his seat.)*

If we're going to argue our respective cases, let's do it with

order, science and good sense. Mr. Bothingham, why don't you think the African will ever be capable of governing this country?

BOTHINGHAM: Because he is inferior to the white man. He has had a long time to do something with Africa. Instead, what has he done? Remained savage. I don't think that he will ever be capable of thinking as people of Caucasian origin do. His head is shaped differently and his thinking slow. He is, at present, halfway between man and beast. Now, I don't say we should whip them all—only those who misbehave. A man looks after a good dog and the dog is faithful to the master. That's the way I expect a Kaffir to behave. If he does the right thing, I will look after him, feed him, clothe him, shelter him and pay him. But, my equal? Never!

BENIGNMAN: You really ally the African with a prized domestic dog?

BOTHINGHAM: In a way. There are obvious limitations in this analogy, but I certainly cannot treat them as responsible citizens.

BENIGNMAN: You must disagree, Mr. Glib?

GLIB: I'm amazed that people still think this way in the twentieth century. Not only are these Africans people, but potentially a very highly intelligent people. Fascists will never concede this point. Liberate the African and he will develop a different, highly exciting culture here in his homeland. Every man must be given a vote immediately, and the system of first-and second-class citizenship abolished. All men are born free and equal. It is sheer nonsense to say the African is not intelligent—it is merely that he does not have the same opportunities from birth.

BOTHINGHAM: You favour immediate suffrage for all blacks? Here? Today? You must be mad!

GLIB: Yes! Immediate suffrage—here! Now!

BENIGNMAN: Is it such an intelligent thing to suddenly thrust great power into unprepared hands? Is it not a better idea to hurry up preparatory stages—to teach techniques of governing, to ensure responsible voting from an educated mass? And, most important of all, the system must protect the country from the rise of extremists and cranks.

GLIB: Rubbish! The African is capable, and eventually a balance will be reached.

BOTHINGHAM: YOU must be blind. Look at the chaos in the rest of Africa. Kenya has thrown out all of the Indians, martial law has been proclaimed in Uganda, overthrows of authority in Mali and Niger, the worst civil disaster in history in Nigeria, the Congo is still very unsettled, the army are firing at the politicians in Congo-Brazzaville, and Zambia is in the grip of tribalism, being almost bankrupted. Not to mention Tanzania, which has by now embraced communism and the Chinese doctrine of aggressive expansion. Do you want Rhodesia to follow suit?

GLIB: YOU have mentioned countries with their problems, but half the trouble has been the white man in the first place. The British sold arms to Federal Nigeria while the French sold them to Biafra.

BENIGNMAN: This, I agree, is despicable. But surely the frightening happenings in Northern Africa today indicate that the granting of immediate independence to an unprepared or ill-prepared people is tantamount to inviting mass murder? True, the white man has radically changed the natives' existence. He has semi-civilized him, a process of de-tribalization which is very dangerous in the interim stages. But, having gone this far, isn't it his responsibility to see the whole job through?

GLIB: NO! Get out now and stop exploiting the local people.

BOTHINGHAM: YOU are completely impractical and blind to reality. The black man will not be ready for civilization in another 400 years. He hasn't the capacity. Look at how many dumb, stupid Kaffirs there are about this town alone.

BENIGNMAN: Your argument is very unscientific and unfounded. I agree, that the black man is not yet ready for independence in Rhodesia, but he will be, and in the near future-provided our guidance and help is forthcoming. It really is up to us.

GLIB: You're taking a disgusting, patronizing attitude.

BENIGNMAN: Not at all ... I refuse to allow a reoccurrence of the massacres of the Congo and Nigeria to arise between our various tribes.

GLIB: How could the Mashona and the Matabele fight each other? They are so inter-mixed that tribalism has virtually disappeared.

BENIGNMAN: That is not a true statement.

BOTHINGHAM: Bulldust! I say. They fought incessantly in the nineteenth century and would revert to savagery today, as soon as they were permitted.

BENIGNMAN: There is a danger of this, but you must remember, too, that there are many other smaller groups which are unfriendly towards each other. The combined effect of festering vendettas and the ever-present superstition could easily set them one against the other.

GLIB: Not the same way as in Northern Africa.

BOTHINGHAM: What about the black vendettas and the riots of 1959—that was black man against black man.

GLIB: Only because of the selfish oppression of the white man.

BOTHINGHAM: Balls! The Kaffirs kicked hell out of each other.

BENIGNMAN: There would be trouble, similar to that in Zambia today, and this must be avoided at all costs.

GLIB: How are you going to avoid trouble when the forces of oppression are in control? The African is still a slave in this country.

BOTHINGHAM: He is not kept in servitude—he can go anywhere he wants to and move from place to place. This is half his trouble. He never settles down to one job.

BENIGNMAN: That's unfair. Many Africans settle into jobs for a long period, some for many years. The rash generalization that all Africans are nomads is an oversimplification of the situation.

BOTHINGHAM: The great majority of blacks are always moving around in those stinking Kaffir buses or by that stinking train.

GLIB: Yes! A train that has to stop frequently and get out of the way of all others—and takes two days to get to Bulawayo from Salisbury.

BENIGNMAN: Let's keep to the point, gentlemen. The fares are so cheap on both bus and train that many Africans move to get better employment, to visit relatives, or to try their luck in different areas—and this is their right.

BOTHINGHAM: And half the Kaffir buses are owned by the

Kaffirs themselves. So much, Mr. Glib, for your jibes of exploitation.

GLIB: They have learned these evils from the white man.

BENIGNMAN: Don't be naive! Usurers and profiteers were in action long before the white man came to this country. Take the witch doctor, for instance.

GLIB: Talking of witch doctors, the white man introduced the very worst kind when he allowed missionaries to enter Africa.

BOTHINGHAM: HOW disgusting! The church did a lot to tame these savages, with their pagan practices.

BENIGNMAN: Are you blaming all missionaries for the trouble in Africa?

GLIB: Some, like the doctors and nurses, did a good charitable job; but most were a disgrace. They took away the ancient beliefs of the tribes and replaced them with a divided doctrine, which originated in the decadent Western civilization.

BOTHINGHAM: Sacrilegious! Heresy! It's a pity more of you crackpot liberals didn't believe in a simple theology—God, Queen and country.

BENIGNMAN: A man is entitled to his own beliefs. But, again, to blame the missionaries for Africa's troubles is to over-simplify the problem, Mr. Glib. How would you solve the problem of racial unrest?

GLIB: Declare all men free and equal, and throw out the Christian churches and other religious groups. Take over the projects of the rich trading giants and return this money to the people. Remove capitalists from important positions, and give Africans a fair go. Liberalise marriage and divorce laws; abortion and free love should be allowed as it is in Sweden and other enlightened countries. Allow all men to mix freely; this way the cultures of the two colours can emerge to produce a superior race.

BOTHINGHAM: What nonsense! You want anarchy. Separatism is the only thing to save the races—otherwise our race will become indistinguishable from others and we will have a bastard race of coloureds.

BENIGNMAN: You're an advocate of apartheid?

BOTHINGHAM: Certainly! Only don't make the mistake of call-

ing it by that name—just call it sticking to your own family of people. It's fair for the black man and white. Each stays with his own kind. Isn't this what all those Black Panthers in the U.S.A, are after?

BENIGNMAN: Sounds more like trouble to me. You, Mr. Glib, are advocating an almost "Hippie" solution, whilst yours might work, Mr. Bothingham, if both groups were given a fair and equal chance. But this you know will never happen. Common sense is needed, and tolerance and patience. White men tend to stick together, and black men likewise. As friends sit together in a bus, so too do races divide, but they must never be forced to either integrate or separate. This will make them resentful and rebellious. Surely the declared intention of Mr. Ian Smith to allow merit to be the only yardstick of progress is the sensible solution?

GLIB: YOU don't really believe Smith will let the black man have an equal say on the basis of merit, do you? When he speaks of merit he talks only of the white man.

BOTHINGHAM: If Smith ever gives the black man equal rights, I'll vote him out of government straightaway.

GLIB: You'll probably succeed, too, as only you have the vote.

BENIGNMAN: Now gentlemen, let's get our facts straight. A common basis for promotion by merit has always been Rhodesia's declared policy. But, I agree, it is much harder for the black man to rise at present than the white. But all Rhodesians who meet certain qualifications can vote.

GLIB: That's the point. These qualifications, although not appearing to be discriminatory, are in fact so because few black men can meet them.

BOTHINGHAM: NO black should be given the vote—he's incapable.

BENIGNMAN: I think you'll find that many black men can vote—but don't bother to. Although I do think we should examine again our voting restrictions and encourage more Africans to vote.

BOTHINGHAM: Keep Rhodesia white. It's the only way to preserve peace in the country, and that means no vote for the Kaffirs.

GLIB: The freedom-fighters are the only ones who will succeed in unseating you and your kind of narrow-minded bigotry,

whose reasoning is medieval and whose existence one of unfair privileges.

BOTHINGHAM: Freedom-fighters, my eye! They are terrorists and must be classed as such. Shoot 'em all.

BENIGNMAN: I detest violence and object to these intrusions in such illegal manner. Why can't they fight their battles in constitutional fashion, without resorting to arms?

GLIB: Because no one listens to them and they are not permitted to do so. They are waging a continuous erosive war which in time will prevail. Then Southern Africa will be free!

BENIGNMAN: Free for what? That's what worries me. I believe that those who live by the sword die by the sword, and always measure their peace terms and conditions by similar violent means. The sword solves very little in the long run. Many a country has lost the war, but won the peace. Look at West Germany today.

BOTHINGHAM: These terrorist bastards are the enemy. They threaten the lives of all of us, including you, you shrivelled-up, misguided liberal swine! They are to be pitied, I grant you, because most of them are shanghaied into being terrorists. But they represent the breakdown of law and order; their actions are entirely illegal, and they deserve to be slaughtered. It's them or us.

GLIB: Eventually they will win and cause the downfall of this loathesome minority government of fascists and racialists.

BENIGNMAN: They must be repelled for their violence, but you are not in order in calling the Rhodesian Government the only racialists. No government could be more racialist in expression than the present Zambian authority—only this is called racialism in reverse.

GLIB: All white minority governments in Southern Africa are living on borrowed time. The United Nations has condemned them. What finer opinion can you seek than that of the world body?

BOTHINGHAM: World body—my foot! The United Nations is a giggle. How can you call it a fair decision when a little state like Swaziland with 390,000 people has the same vote as the U.S.A, or the U.S.S.R., and then votes with his forty other black brother-nations in Africa to record a block vote on all contentious issues? It's a giggle. And

what's more, in all the talk on Rhodesia, the Rhodesian's side has never been heard—not once.

BENINGMAN: It may be a giggle—but it's a very powerful one; and although I agree that the Security Council at present is often prejudiced, I object to such accusations against the World Health Organization, F.A.O., U.N.E.S.C.O. These branches are doing untold good.

GLIB: The United Nations is the final authority and it has unilaterally condemned Rhodesia, imposing comprehensive sanctions to bring her to her knees.

BOTHINGHAM: Bah! How can sanctions work, and what right have these other nations to so blatantly interfere in our business? Let them put their own houses in order first. I suppose Nigeria records a vote against us, for not permitting another such civil war to occur here? We will deny them the pleasure—thank you. Sanctions are not working and never will, as long as greed and "one-upmanship" exist in this world.

BENIGNMAN: Sanctions are having an effect, but I agree they are not having the desired effect. How can a country like Zambia impose strict economic sanctions on Rhodesia when coal for their vital copper belt comes from Wankie and they need power from the Kariba hydro-electriq scheme? Their rail engines are serviced in Bulawayo, and scores of cars and other essential commodities pass through Rhodesia daily to sustain basic living standards. The United Nations is being entirely impractical and unreasonable when they ask Zambia to observe comprehensive sanctions against Rhodesia. And the people worst hit by the sanctions are the Africans, whose unemployment level rises steadily each year. It seems funny that the United Nations should wish to bring Rhodesia to its knees, bjz destroying the fibre of the country and subjecting the indigenous to undeserved privations. It is to be hoped that Rhodesia will be the last serious test of sanctions and the world will use the conference table with greater strength in future.

BOTHINGHAM: Talks never work. They are always dependent on the honesty of politicians—and who ever heard of an honest politician? Talking is weak; might is right, and

possession nine-tenths of the law. If Britain had wanted to crush us, she should have moved in during December 1965 with paratroopers and tanks—but instead she dithered, and always will. She deserves her fate!

GLIB: Your type will always disdain the rights of the ordinary person. How can man be free while you're in possession of guns and tanks? But then I'm not a pacifist, either. Shoot the fascists, I say, and bomb the dissenters—eventually a balance will settle. The massacres of today, although unfortunate, are necessary to improve the world of tomorrow.

BENIGNMAN: (*Standing up in saddened disgust, despairing, moves to break up the hopeless discussion)*: I think that if Britain and Rhodesia have to sit around a conference table for twenty years, examining every possible submission by crank or moderate alike, it is preferable to the present *shemozzle.* A solution will be found if both sides are sincere and extremists, like the pair of you, are kept well in the background. I despise a man who cannot concede where concession is strength, and fight where submission is weakness. Good evening, gentlemen!

CHAPTER 13

THE FIRST SETBACK

The climax of the athletic season came with the last weekend in June, when the athletes gathered in Bulawayo to settle the national title issues for 1968. They were also the final trials for the Olympic Games team.

The month of June had seen four previous big athletic competitions, with many athletes like Atwell Mandaza and Willie Christie now out of the Olympic running, and new names like Vyani Fulunga and Johan du Preez forcing themselves into the prediction charts.

Mangula, on the first of June, had staged a magnificent carnival. David Clinker, with the reputation of the mine at stake, had spared no efforts to present a well-organized and efficiently conducted meeting. He had used pounds of salt on the cinder track, producing the fastest surface I had seen in Rhodesia that year. It provided an excellent opportunity for the sprinters to show their class, but they muffed their chances by effecting five false starts in the open 100 yards. Atwell Mandaza and Nigel Hodder, although eventually placed first and second, respectively, were the main offenders. Vyani Fulunga ran an excellent 48 seconds for the 440 yards and looked every bit the champion his training form had indicated. A young schoolboy javelin-thrower, Bruce Kennedy, emerged as a top prospect by flinging the senior instrument 206 feet; and the incredible Chipo, from Selukee, won the three miles. Another schoolboy in Mark Harris recorded a fast 1 minute, 54 seconds for the 880 yards. So the prospects of a successful and record-breaking month in athletics were bright.

The Mashonaland Senior Championships the following weekend disappointed in the numbers of entries but compensated in quality. Johan du Preez, in his first comeback 220-yard race, recorded 21.7 seconds, and Anthea Davies got down to 2:18

for the half-mile. It was pleasing to see the talented young schoolgirl Myra Fowler manage a treble of victories in her first serious comeback after a prolonged rest period dogged by recurring illness. Bilharzia, diagnosed earlier in the year, had taken its toll and almost certainly robbed Myra of a place in the Olympic Team. As a potential pentathlon exponent, she was quite close to the Olympic qualifying mark in her previous season, and greater intensity of work would surely have produced the desired improvement. The young policeman Michael Lamboum drew attention also by defeating Addison Dale in the senior shotput. Standing 6'4" and weighing 215 lbs., Michael was an undoubted prospect.

The following weekend, Gatooma came to life as the Cam and Motor played host to all of Rhodesia's diversified mines through the staging of the annual inter-mine sporting competition. Mangula started as favourite in the athletics, with Atwell Mandaza and Wilfred Ngwenya as top attractions, but Cam and Motor and Wankie were sure to trouble them. A meeting which spanned two days, the rivalry was keen and the competitive standard high. Six records were broken and one equalled. The Wankie 4 x 440-yard relay team lowered the Rhodesian all-comers' record by .5 seconds when they clocked 3.17.6. Chipo surprised me in the six miles. Acting on advice I had given him several weeks before, he decided to break up the field early by sprinting the bends and striding the straights. I thought he'd forgotten our tactical discussion, but obviously there was more to this athlete than surface observation indicated. John Shaba, caught unawares by Chip's methods, made amends in the three miles when he risked premature exhaustion by sprinting the first two of the final four laps. The break gave him the necessary lead over his more cautious opposition and he hung on, gallantly, to record his best-ever win. The brilliant Wilfred Ngwenya again failed to break 240 feet in the javelin, although he was consistently over the 230-feet mark.

Second last of the big meetings, the annual clash between Mashonaland and Matabeleland took place in Salisbury the following weekend. Jean Roberts, competing by invitation, set the pattern with excellent throwing in the shotput and discus events. Six Rhodesians followed suit and accounted for national records, the most meritorious of which was Sheila Salhus's 11.2 seconds

in the women's 100 yards. The fourteen-year-old Bulawayo schoolgirl surprised everyone with this run, which equalled the six-year-old senior record. Twenty-one-year-old Anthea Davies clocked in at 58.3 seconds for the women's 440 yards, and Johan du Preez got very close to Olympic qualifying with a fine 21.3 for the 220 yards. The form of Bernard Dzoma throughout the month had not been encouraging, and the middle-distance specialist was under criticism for not being fit. There was some substance to this accusation, too, as his condition following a slow mile was unusually distressed. A heavy cold had not helped him, and his preparation, he later confided, had been interrupted by personal worries. I acted quickly and restored equilibrium. Bernard trained very hard during the next week and approached the national championships with a keenness he had not shown for some time.

The marathon promised to be the most interesting event. Mathias Kanda and Robson Mrombe were being challenged strongly by John Shaba and Chipo, both running their first-ever Marathons. A twenty-five-year-old Vumba farmer, Michael Boswell-Brown, living on the outskirts of Umtali, had been trudging up and down the treacherous Manicaland mountains in good time; and the active Railton Road Running group in Bulawayo entered large numbers, some of whom were juniors, but all promising. Lorenzo Nadelet, a keen but temperamental ex-Italian middle-distance champion, was having his first attempt at the 26-mile journey also. Always colder and in turn hotter than Salisbury, Matabeleland weather was much more unpredictable. Cold winds had been sweeping the Transvaal for several days and snow had appeared on the Drakensberg Mountains. This always spelt trouble for Bulawayo. The championships, conducted at White City, were besieged by atrocious weather. The cold was at times unbearable and the winds vicious. All events suffered, but none more decisively than the marathon, which began at *6* a.m. on the Sunday.

A score of anxious, shivering hopefuls lined the bitumen road, answering the starter's pistol with an initial burst of nervous speed. Boswell-Brown was not amongst them because his wife had prematurely presented him with twins. Kanda belted from the start. At the end of one mile his time was 5 minutes, and after the completion of two miles, he had maintained this telling

pace. Only Shaba, Nadelet and Mrombe could keep apace, while a disappointing Chipo was left well in the rear. I followed the leaders in a press car with David Paynter, Fred Cleary and Martin Lee as companions. Martin, full of chirpy repartee, kept us amused while the efficacious Paynter leapt in and out of the car with gymnastic ease to satisfy his crafty yet artistic photographic flair. On and on the relentless Kanda padded, with only John Shaba prepared to go with him. Concerned about a rough, unmade mile-and-a-half patch at the six-mile mark, I gave Mathias a pair of trampoline shoes to wear. Robson Mrombe, who had been wearing them under Des Lawler, surprisingly turned out in a pair of running shoes which he shed long before the *26*-mile journey was completed.

The marathon course was interesting but far too tough for an Olympic time-trial, and it exhausted most entrants. Knowing how mesmerized selectors become with times and comparison of performances, I was worried that this tough Bulawayo course would produce such slow times that the marathon lads would suffer at the selection table. This concern was later to be justified. The last five miles of the course consisted of steady climb, interspersed with sharp rises, along an unprotected open road: a stretch of track which could only be described as tortuous. Shaba collapsed at the 19-mile mark, leaving the indefatigable Kanda to himself. Showing maturity and persistence, the little champion embarked on the final climb to success well ahead of time. He kept his head low and his stride-length a little shorter. A circle of fresh white salt appeared on his shoulders at the back of the armpits, from the continuing perspiration. Saliva dropped from the sides of his cracked lips and his forehead was knitted hard in deep furrows. The arduous climb, with a vicious cross-wind, and the rapid early pace were now beginning to tell as he laboured towards the finish. Paynter took pictures of everything. He even collected a delightful snap of the Rhodesian flag flying upside down at a remote police outpost.

When he informed them of the situation, the reply was, "Don't talk nonsense—the British South Africa Police don't make mistakes like that!" This official piece of buffoonery provided a welcome humorous interlude; for even the witty Martin Lee was now concerned about the accruing effect of this arduous marathon course. Mathias rarely faltered, however, and entered

the stadium triumphantly. His time—2 hours, 27 minutes, 7.4 seconds—was great under the circumstances.

The remainder of the field had not fared so well. Shaba was withdrawn and appeared exhausted, wrapped in a blanket, in the back of the Cam and Motor vehicle. Chipo had literally frozen and had to be withdrawn also at the 25-mile mark. Mrombe ran gallantly and was gaining on Kanda over the last five miles. His run was also full of merit, as his South African marathon had been, showing he had the necessary "stomach" to see out even the most demanding of marathons. An unknown African, Depa Ndhlovu from the Alpha Club, filled the other placing with the time of three hours, 8 minutes, 3 seconds. Very few finished the run. Veteran John O'Reilly of the Teachers' College, and some juniors from Railton Road Runners, numbered amongst this few.

Kanda had a heart-rate of 116 beats per minute immediately after he finished, and Robson Mrombe measured only 125. These low counts indicated a story of sensible preparation. The marathon is the most difficult and demanding of all athletic events—in the words of Martin Lee, "It sorts out the men from the boys." Mathias trampoline shoes had seen out the distance, although it was obvious he would need a new pair each time he raced.

On the bleak Saturday afternoon, Bernard Dzoma successfully answered his challenge. Running solo, with unsettling cross-winds and a lamentably small crowd of spectators, Bernard had lowered his national six-mile time to 29 minutes, 17 seconds. While not a time to set the world on fire, it was meritorious at altitude and showed clearly the very real talent of this twenty-six-year-old African. He had not concentrated on this event before 1968, his training having been geared for the shorter three miles; but this effort convinced me that his main Olympic objective in Mexico City would be the 10,000 metres. Anthea Davies weathered the difficult conditions to record a fine 2.20.0 for the 880 yards, and Wilfred Ngwenya again exceeded 230 feet in the javelin. Despite the conditions, three all-comers, seven Rhodesian and eight Matabele records were broken during the two-day meeting, giving all associated with athletics in the country new heart.

The question of Olympic selection now arose. The Athletic

Union Executive was to meet in Salisbury the following weekend to approve of the selectors' choices. The final naming of the team would occur the weekend after in Bulawayo, resulting from a full meeting of the Rhodesian National Olympic Committee. This meeting in Bulawayo certainly looked like a tactical battle looming between the nineteen various amateur sporting bodies represented on the committee. Lobbying for sympathy votes, although strictly denied by the authorities, was well under way. Public conjecture on the final team rose sharply as each newspaper gave its predictions. I spoke up for the athletes in my weekly column. I felt that five athletes should go to the Games, although I feared that the final number would drop to a disappointing four. Bernard Dzoma, Mathias Kanda and Robson Mrombe had all earned undoubted places. Although Wilfred Ngwenya and Anthea Davies had not reached the qualifying standards, I felt that their inclusion, as an investment, was highly desirable. Both had performed consistently well and were certain to contribute much on return. I dismissed Johan du Preez's chances, as he had not qualified and did not turn up in Bulawayo for the national championships. If John Shaba had finished the marathon, I would have favoured his inclusion; and Vyani Fulunga, although vastly improved, had not run quite fast enough in Bulawayo to be granted certainty of selection. The selectors endorsed by the Union executive nominated seven and forwarded the names in this order to the National Olympic Committes:

1. Mathias Kanda
2. Bernard Dzoma
3. Anthea Davies
4. Wilfred Ngwenya
5. Vyani Fulunga
6. Robson Mrombe
7. Johan du Preez

Although delighted with the number of nominees, I knew the final team would contain nothing like seven athletes in its complement, but felt seven nominations could mean five chosen. The order, too, had disturbed me. Robson Mrombe should have ranked number three. Nevertheless, the nominations had been

proposed; and a week of agonised waiting lay ahead for seven athletes. Five yachtsmen, and four small-bore shottists, three boxers, three swimmers, two clay-pigeon shottists and one weight-lifter were also nominated.

During this week it was amazing the number of experts who arose, like mushrooms, from out of the ground. Discussions led to many arguments, and the truth of one thing was certain—the nation was interested in its Olympic team.

Presumptuous statements from Kenya, Tanzania and Ethiopia were issued challenging Rhodesia's right to participate, and the vindictive campaign against her sportsmen was well under way in the backrooms of the United Nations. To my delight the National Olympic Committee of Rhodesia answered this challenge with a firm declaration of the country's intention to be at the Games. National Olympic Committee Secretary Ossie Plaskitt said:

"We've had an invitation, we've accepted and we're going. When they (the Mexicans) agreed to organize the Games, they agreed to all the I.O.C.'s rules. One of the rules is that there must be no discrimination—whether it is race, politics or colour."

The uncertainty of Rhodesia's entry had hindered the fund-raising, and the Olympic officials were still well short of their target. Mr. Plaskitt said of this problem, "I'm not really worried, because once the people begin to realize that we are definitely sending a team, knowing the generosity of the Rhodesian people, I'm quite sure we will raise the money."

A4y own concern was not so much over the financial situation but over the political turmoil and obvious imbalance of opinion at the United Nations Headquarters in New York. Logic, international brotherhood, and the spirit of the Olympic Games Charter looked to be playing no part in the final analysis of Rhodesia's attempts to get to the Olympic Games. The resolve of the National Olympic Committee to send a team to the Games cheered the country up; and, although cynics were still tuppence a dozen, the more optimistic souls looked forward to the Olympics with greater certainty. A grand Olympic Ball was to take place on the Saturday evening in Salisbury; and it was here, at 10:15 p.m., that Prime Minister Ian Smith would announce the final team. Excitement mounted, the tension to the nominees being understandably unbearable; and public conjecture reached a peak.

I attended a cross-country run in the afternoon and, after a short convivial session with the officials, mooched across to the *Sunday Mail* offices to watch for telexed details from Martin Lee in Bulawayo. Fred Cleary waited impatiently with me. The telex finally came through, although cluttered up with explanatory information about the eventful meeting. Athletics was named first:

Mathias Kanda—marathon
Bernard Dzoma—5,000 and 10,000 metres
Five yachtsman
Three boxers
Three small-bore pistol shottists
Two clay-pigeon shottists
One weight-lifter,

and only two swimmers, completed the team.

I was stunned. Fred Cleary remarked, "Unbelieveable! Surely there's more to come?" Feverishly we searched through the remaining message, but found only confirmation. An athletic team of only two Africans was to represent Rhodesia. Not one single investment had been made, and Robson Mrombe of Wankee had been omitted. Really angry for the first time in Rhodesia, I tried to piece together the reasons behind such a fateful decision. Obviously the placing of Mrombe at number six had caused his omission, but surely Anthea Davies and Wilfred Ngwenya could have been included. I thought, "With how precious little importance amateur athletics is regarded in this country!" Over and over again, I deplored this situation.

To pick up the other members of the ball party, to sit with unrevealing countenance at the official table until 10:15 p.m., and to refrain from immediately seeking the reasons for this surprisingly meagre team, was almost beyond me. Even the Prime Minister paused when he read the athletic section of the team. He expected more names. The truth filtered through from various channels. The bracketing of Anthea and Wilfred together was apparently unconstitutional, and the committee had felt that the placement of Mrombe at number six was a rash attempt by the Athletic Union to have the other five included. Obviously a remark from the athletic spokesman at the confer-

ence, that only Kanda and Dzoma were worth sending and the remaining five were long-term investments, had not helped. But I felt that the whole national Olympic Committee should shoulder the blame for being either small-minded or hopelessly at the mercy of each delegate and his own partisan interests. A national committee must give a national decision; and, for one reason or another, this had not occurred. The omission of Anthony Mellon, a brilliant young swimmer, was another surprise, which led to the universal contention that unbiased selectors were necessary for all future national teams. The system of individual sporting delegates, having to decide on the form of nominees from foreign sports, was agreed to be antiquated. But this reasoning did not help the Rhodesian sportsmen of 1968. I left the ball quietly, just after midnight, a very despondent man.

Although sporadic and well-meaning attempts were made in the succeeding weeks to have the selection reopened, such dangerous precedents could not be tolerated and the team remained intact. My main concern was that the National Olympic Committee had not made any investment for the future. The contention that only champions should be sent to the Games does not hold water with me. I deplored this thinking at the time and more especially later, when at the Olympic Games I watched a seventeen-year-old Sydney girl, Maureen Caird, surprise with a gold medal in the 80-metre hurdles, and a Melbourne youngster, Raelene Boyle, astonish by winning a silver medal in the women's 200 metres. Both of these girls had been sent away as investments—never having won a senior national title—by the Australian authorities; and although the Australians do not send sufficient athletes away to please me, either, they had at least been much more resourceful than their Rhodesian counterparts.

As a result of this conservative decision, could one blame the prospective Rhodesian talent from turning to other sports or for taking up other pastimes? True, a big heart has many scars, but the measure of an athlete's life-span is also very limited.

CHAPTER 14

ENTHUSIASTIC TEAM PREPARATION

Two weeks after the fateful selection, a Rhodesian team visited Malawi for the first of a proposed series of annual athletic interchanges between Rhodesia and the only independently governed northern African state which preached peaceful coexistence. Once Nyasaland, this thin, impoverished country, was struggling for recognition. Four million Africans and 11,000 white settlers comprised the population. Dr. Hastings Banda, an African medico who had lived in England for forty years, held tight rein over a government which could only be described as a benevolent dictatorship. The white man is welcomed in Malawi, for his technical knowledge is appreciated and his maturity of material contribution needed, but the country is securely in the hands of the African. Apart from a pseudo-politeness which was hard to take at times, I was delighted with Malawi. Here the black authorities were genuinely interested in their country's welfare, and this ideal was upheld above all racial considerations. An agricultural land with little tertiary industry, Malawi is poor in financial situation but rich in racial harmony.

The Rhodesian athletes performed admirably. Atwell Mandaza delighted with a 9.6 100-yards and 21.3 220-yards. Bernard Dzoma finished inside 14 minutes for the 5000 metre, while Wilfred Ngwenya got to 235 feet in the javelin. Malawian athletes won the 880 yards and the long-jump with good performances, so the competition seemed certain to be perpetuated.

The week before, Dzoma had begun his final preparation for Mexico City. He was to build up to 18 miles each day, with 10 miles of this a concentration on quality. Teammate Mathias Kanda was still sewing safari suits together in the Bulawayo factory, so it became a vital consideration to have him brought to Salisbury for his final preparation. His employers cooperated, and David Paynter, who had taken a genuine liking to this

African distance-runner, persuaded the *Rhodesian Herald* magnates of their need for another photographic darkroom assistant. Eventually Mathias arrived by train ready for action, but a little bewildered by the change of address and occupation. He was billeted with understanding people at a venue that, if disclosed, would certainly cause eyebrows to be raised; and his bedding and furniture were supplied free of charge by a well-known Salisbury company.

The diet was next item for consideration. I asked Bernard to write down his details of food-intake over a period of two weeks. I was shocked. It read this way, each day being unchanged:

Breakfast—bread and tea
Morning break—tea
Lunch—Sudza (com or maize)
Dinner—Sudza and sometimes a little meat—tea to drink

Again I marvelled at the adaptability of the human body. It was essential to supplement this diet with better quality, otherwise I could not expect him to take on any extra work load, but equally vital that no drastic changes take place. I decided to do the following:

1. One pint of milk each day.
2. A predigested protein liquid meal in small portions.
3. Supplementary iron tablets and vitamins B & C.
4. Better-quality meat would be substituted for the original dinner quota, although the amount would not vary greatly from the former complement.

Local physicians, the Dairy Marketing Board and a newly acquired subsidiary of the Rhodesian Breweries provided the requirements and free of charge. I was encouraged at this support, and even more so a fortnight later when it was obvious that Bernard and Mathias were thriving on the new diet.

Eric Shore, who was planning to make the trip to Mexico City personally, showed keen interest in the preparation of the two Africans. We had several side wagers on their training performances and at all times agreed to disagree on long-range predictions. Eric was particularly impressed with Kanda. He

thought the little African marathon specialist had the best chance yet of returning an Olympic medal to Rhodesia, and although he was wary about comparisons, keenly debated the little fellow's chances.

Two days after Mathias arrived in Salisbury, he was presented with a two-months' supply of milk tokens. I drove him to a nearby shop on the outskirts of Highlands to obtain his initial supply. I waited in the car outside; and when he reappeared without a bottle of milk I wondered, but let it go, supposing the shop did not supply milk.

"We will try the shop further along. Perhaps they have milk to sell to people who wish to take it away," I said.

His soft reply was: "There is milk to take away in this shop, Mr. Cheffers."

I enquired further. "The man would not sell milk to me," he replied.

Thinking there might be some misunderstanding about the tokens, I returned to the original shop with Mathias.

"He hasn't an empty bottle," said the shifty serving man.

"Look!" I said. "I will pay for the bottle, but please supply this man with one bottle of milk to take away."

"I'm not allowed to sell bottles," was the pathetic reply.

"How can one start to obtain milk, then," I said, "if there are no bottles and you will not sell any?"

"You had better ask the Dairy Board that. It is of no interest to me," was his only reply.

He flatly refused to sell Mathias a bottle of milk, although two other white customers were obliged with the same commodity in the interim. Realizing the futility of further argument, I moved on to a shop four doors away and was obliged with pleasant service. Still angry at the needless antagonism of the first storekeeper, I told the story to a friend that evening. He in turn related the unpleasant episode to another friend, and so the story spread. It did not take long to reach the hearing of a fair-minded official in the Immigration Department who vaguely remembered similar trouble with another storekeeper. He decided to take a second look at this man's papers and found, to his dismay, that the offending shopkeeper was an illegal immigrant! I have not heard the end of this story, but I felt, for the first time in my life, that the old-fashioned court of Indian justice had a certain merit after all.

In spite of this unpleasant interlude, the Olympic preparations were progressing really well. Bernard complained of pains in his backside and Mathias of undue chafing, but both agreed they had never worked so hard before and were starting to see the rapid improvement in their training times. Fatigue ensured healthy sleep at night; both were excited and extremely diligent. Mathias, after a 22-mile run, begged to be allowed to do the return journey and accomplished the feat without appreciable discomfort, although he was useless the next day. His spirit was indomitable, and the presence of the car keeping pace with him was a constant source of inspiration. He would, in the middle of an eleven-mile trial, sprint against a passing truck or cyclist, just for the sheer joy of running. Both lads were giving their all to the preparation.

Bernard made two appearances on television, one in Bulawayo and one in Salisbury. He read everything he could on the subject of athletics. One Sunday he confided that he was starting to read the Jim Ryun story for the fourth time in two months. He asked me of Australian running star Ron Clarke and had to be assured that he was training as hard. David Paynter produced a superb picture of Kanda running beside the "Gwelo to Selukwe Flyer." This photograph earned the "Picture of the Month" award from Associated Press and carried with it a 100-dollar prize. David intended buying a new track suit for Mathias out of his reward, but his aspirations were thwarted by the United States Treasury, who refused to clear the U.S. dollars to rebel Rhodesia.

I found that both Mathias and Bernard recovered better if I insisted on shorter runs with quality, rather than longer, marathon-like training stints. As a consequence, I was able to add considerably to their daily mileage. Mathias had a resting pulse-rate of 30 beats per minute, a phenomenon so interesting to the Salisbury medical profession that a number shook their heads in disbelief. Dogs chased them, passing motorists stared unbelievingly, race-horse trainers observed keenly, and countless numbers of local youths tried to emulate them. A very few criticized, but by far the most common response was one of applause. Kanda relished every step of this arduous preparation, whilst Dzoma sweated unquestioningly. Mathias would do little extra jobs in the photographic section of the *Rhodesia Herald*

for everyone and anyone. One anti-African reporter stopped me and said, "My God, that little marathon runner of yours is a fine worker! I hope he does well in Mexico City. He's a great little guy." Mathias' reading was improving too, as he spent every spare moment poring over the daily paper, asking the odd, shy question where he could not understand the gist of a certain passage.

David Paynter and fellow photographer John Russell were both keen to help in the training and would fill in for me whenever it was necessary to leave Salisbury for brief periods, on duties associated with the position of National Coach. Keen young Salisbury athletes trained alongside the two prospective Olympians at the racetrack each evening and caught some of the infectious spirit so evident in these two seniors. Each would compete in the Saturday afternooon cross-country runs, with Bernard setting a completely new series of course records. His early speed, especially over distances of *5* and 7% miles, was most encouraging. He covered one 5-mile cross-country in just over 23 minutes. I was enthusiastic, they were enthusiastic, and all associated with the team were enthusiastic.

On Saturday, the 8th of June, dark clouds of doubt loomed on the horizon with a hurried and ill-prepared press release from Mr. Rafael Solona, head of the Organizing Committee's press section in Mexico city. He said the announcement was written personally by Mr. Pedro Vasquez, President of the Organizing Committee, and refused to answer any questions on its content.

"The Organizing Committee of the Games of the 19th Olympiad has received the official information to the resolution adopted unanimously by the Security Council of the United Nations, May 29th last, in relation with the attitude which member states must observe with the ordinary residents of Rhodesia. In virtue of points 5, *6* and 7 of the mentioned resolution and the annex attached, the Organizing Committee of the Games of the 19th Olympiad observes with all objectivity the obvious result that the sports delegation of Southern Rhodesia which was invited to participate in the sports competitions of the month of October next will find it impossible to participate in them."

Rhodesia had not been officially informed of this decision;

she was expected to rely on the avenues of the press. Her only reaction was to send a cable to the International Olympic Foundation Secretary, Colonel Johann Westerhof, seeking clarification of the situation. It was so blatant a case of political interference that the National Olympic Committee of Rhodesia remained adamant—they were going to the Olympic Games.

An editorial in the *Sunday Mail* scathingly placed the blame for this dampening cloud on to Great Britain. Headed "IT WOULD BE A VERY HOT RECEPTION," it went on to say,

"Commenting last week upon the rousing welcome the British Lions' rugby team had in Salisbury, the *Daily Express* wrote: 'Let there be no mistake, if a Rhodesian team came to Britain they would be met with the same enthusiastic welcome and the same sporting opposition.'

"Although it is nice to have one of Britain's biggest national daily papers so consistently on our side, it is, in our opinion, rubbish for the *Express* to say a Rhodesian team would get an enthusiastic welcome.

"Certainly those who value sport too highly to have it besmirched by politics would make this hypothetical Rhodesian team feel at home. These would include most of the active participants, such as the Lions, whose gesture in coming to Rhodesia cannot be commended too highly.

"But, however welcoming the British sportsmen themselves might be, rabble-rousers would still make it their business to see that a Rhodesian team felt very unwelcome indeed—even a team that included non-Europeans. One can easily imagine the rowdy and ill-mannered protest demonstration that would be staged.

"And in this the rabble-rousers would have the tacit support of their Government, which is playing a leading role in ensuring that sport is indistinguishable from politics.

"It is a direct consequence of the British-inspired resolution to the Security Council that Rhodesia now seems unlikely to be allowed to compete in the Olympic Games at Mexico City.

"No doubt Mr. Wilson would argue that, if Rhodesia is to be ostracized completely from world society, there must be no exceptions; the innocent must suffer with the guilty. What he either does not realize, or purposely ignores (Mr. Ian Smith

repeated in Parliament last week that his Government believes Mr. Wilson does not want a settlement of the Rhodesian dispute), is that for every pinprick of this nature he loses a lot of potential supporters.

"Is it conceivable that the Africans, looking forward to being represented at the Olympic Games, will side more strongly with Mr. Wilson if he emerges as the indirect instrument of their being disqualified?

"With each succeeding incident of this nature it appears clearer than ever that the British Government's professed interest in, and sympathy for, the Rhodesian Africans is an elaborate and cynical facade."

I was more interested in the mechanics of the censoring procedure and quickly contacted Ossie Plaskitt in Bulawayo, who assured me all would be well, provided the Mexicans issued the necessary travel documents. He had every reason to be confident because of the recent resumption of correspondence between Mexico City and himself. I was heartened and continued to step up the training program.

In Salisbury, Herbie Gibbon's weight-training establishment, for the first time in many years, numbered rugby players amongst its clientele. Rhodesian sportsmen from all sections were becoming acutely aware of the need for greater strength. Indeed, rugby players, cricketers, golfers, hockey players and tennis enthusiasts started appearing at the Borrowdale Race Track to work alongside the two Olympians.

Dusk falls quickly in Rhodesia as the fading, reddened sun casts an eerie twilight over the spacious and verdant race-course. Little groups of figures, one, two or three at a time, paced each other over the thirteen-furlong course. The horses were there at dawn and the athletes at dusk. There was something lonely, too, in the expanse of grass. One had to run. The cars would peel off from the busy Borrowdale Road near the main gate to the course and roll up in clouds of dust to the edge of the rails. Undeterred, Mathias and Bernard continued to pound grotesque footsteps in the sawdust and sand, whilst Burnice Davies sat knitting or gossiping on the grassed outer section. The sand stretch was truly arduous. Always required to run at least three furlongs before rest, the shrewd performers would be seen zig-zagging, searching in vain for hard sections, dreading

being caught in the soft centres, whilst naive youngsters would plough straight up the centre in desperation. Quickly they learned to do this section barefooted, and most experienced the dull feeling of helpless nausea.

Bruce Kennedy, so keen and so determined, ran himself to exhaustion. He often lost more than his dignity, but kept to his gruelling schedule. There was an atmosphere of space; athletes were here to run and, as they dipped out of sight near the five-furlong post, we would wait impatiently for them to reappear and note any change in position or condition. Sawdust, sand, grass and dirt strips lay adjacent, providing the facility for what we came to call "ups and downs." One "up" was on either sand or dirt over a three-furlong stretch, and a "down" covered the same distance, but meant the return on surfaces of grass or sawdust. In general, distances were so great that a torch-light was used to signify to Bernard and Mathias when rest-time had finished and work-time was to begin. A whistle and hand-kerchiefs filled in when the little battery faded. They rarely rested for any longer than two minutes. I could tell when they were tiring, as they took longer to pull up at the end of each sprint burst and managed to seize a few extra seconds in the recovery to the "ready" position again. Yet there was a healthy, positive atmosphere engendered by all; a will to work, to race and to recover quickly.

Darkness closed in each evening long before the schedules were finished, and it was necessary for me to drive Mathias and Bernard back to town. I would drop Mathias near a long, guarded gate and drive Bernard into the crowded bus terminal in the centre of the city. Each night he would bid me farewell and walk towards his Harari bus. But he never caught this bus; instead, he bypassed it and either ran or walked the four miles home. He never told me of this, and I never asked him or let on that I was aware of his secret. It wasn't lack of money but a strange frugality, inseparable from Bernard Dzoma the business-man, which prompted this ascetic action. And it didn't worry me, either; the exercise was good for him.

CHAPTER 15

"Out!"

Terrorists continued to pour over the border from Zambia. The Zambezi Valley, once the scene of many memorable hunting expeditions and home of the untamed, uncivilized Ptonka tribes, now resembled "no-man's-land." A "search and destroy" campaign by Rhodesian troops was proving highly successful; and terrorists, most of whom showed no inclination to carry the fight beyond the first desultory exchange of shots, were captured as soon as they set foot on the Rhodesian banks of the world-renowned Zambezi River. The local African villages and tribes were quick to report terrorist activity. They were paid handsomely for their information, but showed such propensity to the Rhodesian cause that the belligerent intruders stood little chance from the outset. Rhodesian helicopters and jet fighters provided instant intelligence information, enabling their forces to be prepared for each incursion. As September drew to a close, the presence of more highly organized and much more dedicated leaders among the terrorists promised an escalation of the serious struggle; and any diminution of the nine months' national service training imposition on Rhodesian youth appeared further away than ever. It is a life or death struggle in Central Africa that promises to be long and bitter. As yet, the terrorist nerve centre is not well organized and has few funds; but should it ever show signs of winning, then many organizations throughout the world will come quickly to its aid, and wholesale conflagration in Southern Africa would then be inevitable.

The intruders come from either Tanzania or Zambia, although their initial preparation originates in either Cuba, Red China or the Soviet Union. They bring arms manufactured in either Czechoslovakia or Red China, and large quantities of ammunition. A few have filtered through the main cities, but as yet have caused no major disturbances. The ultimate objective of these

terrorists is clear, but their immediate aims are confused. Some say they are moving into vital positions to await a signal for general revolt. Others contend their main objective is to provide nuisance value, while still more say they are not interested in Rhodesia and are keen to use the country as a thoroughfare to South Africa. Certainly one thing is clear: the strategy of terrorists, although still relatively naive, is on the improve as Vietnam techniques and latest trends in guerrilla fighting become more widely known. Should these terrorists ever acquire a really fanatical desire to fight, then Rhodesians' troubles will multiply.

Enormous untruths are fed to the Zambian and Tanzanian people about the success of these incursions. This factual report, which appeared in the *Sunday Mail,* followed alarming news from Radio Zambia and vividly illustrates the point:

> " 'The strategic city of Miami in Rhodesia is the new rebel capital. Both Sinoia and Karoi have been bombed, and there has been fighting in the streets.' So declared radio stations in Zambia and Tanzania last week.
>
> But none of the people living in the area knew anything about the 'enemy takeover.' In fact, 'the strategic city of Miami' 20 miles east-northeast of Karoi, is so small, a *Sunday Mail* reporter drove right through it without realizing it on Friday. It consists of two stores and a rural hospital. A few years ago it also boasted a district commissioner's office, but this is now used as a clinic.
>
> Children played at the side of the road and waved at the reporter, and an African pushing a heavily-laden bicycle seemed unconcerned by the threat of terrorists. In an area supposedly crawling with rebels, at least three cars were seen driven by lone women. One, who was stopped and asked for direction, seemed unperturbed at the terrorist threat. There was no sign of a pistol in her shopping basket.
>
> On a rough bush road beyond Miami, the reporter stopped at a makeshift barricade of trees and rocks. For a heart-stopping moment he wondered whose roadblock it was—theirs or ours—but the khaki-clad figure of a Rhodesian soldier put his mind at rest. Politely but firmly, he was told he could not proceed and must return to Karoi.

'To make sore you do, we are sending an armed soldier with you,' said the senior police officer.

At Karoi, another policeman apologized for his being turned back. 'It is in your own interest. We would not like you to be shot at by either side,' he said.

The townspeople jeered at rumours that terrorists had bombed Karoi. 'Go out and count the bomb-craters and bodies lying in the streets,' said one.

A tobacco farmer said: 'As far as I am concerned, if the terrorists want Miami they are welcome to it. There is nothing there.'

Townspeople laughed at reports from Zambia and Tanzania. One man said: 'The Zambians are only doing themselves harm. The Africans will probably not believe a thing they hear over Radio Zambia again.' "

In spite of this exaggeration, the terrorist situation is much more serious than the world realizes at this stage, and hopes for a peaceful future are not strong.

Press censorship had recently been lifted in Rhodesia, and the resultant benefit was seen in the people being more enlightened about the terrorist situation. The responsibility for accurate and unprejudiced reporting had been thrown back onto the shoulders of the editors and sub-editors, and this too resulted in a much more stable dissemination of information.

Unfortunately, the accuracy of the headlines on Saturday, August the 31st in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* were not subjected to query. "OLYMPICS BAN SLAMMED. RHODESIA DROPS PLANS" told the story of the Rhodesian National Olympic Committee's decision to abandon attempts to participate in the Mexico Olympics. The decision had been delayed for as long as the committee dared. That same afternoon, the international airline had to be paid an irretrievable 10% of the fare for the whole Olympic team; understandably the committee could not, in the face of the antagonistic Mexican press statements, justify the fruitless spending of so much public money. Martin Lee went into session with Ossie Plaskitt over the correspondence between Mexico and Rhodesia, and had this to say:

"Behind the controversy over Rhodesia's entry for the

Mexico Olympics lies a nine-month exchange of letters and telegrams, involving the Rhodesian National Olympic Committee, the Mexico Olympics Organizing Committee and the International Olympic Committee. It started on November 21st, 1967, last year when the Rhodesian National Olympic Committee received an invitation from the Mexico committee for Rhodesia to take part.

Early this year, Rhodesia's committee sent off an accommodation deposit. This was followed on May 1 with a list of preliminary entries, stating approximately how many would be entered and in which sports.

On May 13, the preliminary entries letter was acknowledged by Mexico. The Rhodesian committee then asked for final entry forms and identity cards—these are, in effect, travel documents issued to all Olympic competitors.

The controversy then began to build up.

June 7. Mexico Olympics Organizing Committee issues a statement saying that Rhodesia would find it impossible to take part because of the U.N. sanctions imposed on May 29.

June 8. Mr. Avery Brundage, President of the International Olympic Committee, says there is nothing the IOC can do and deplores the entry of politics into sport.

June 10. Rhodesia's committee receives acknowledgment of its request for final entry forms and identity cards from Mexico. The letter says they will be forwarded later.

June 26. Rhodesia sends letters to the president of the Organizing Committee and to Mr. Brundage asking about the non-arrival of final entry forms and identity cards.

July 13. Rhodesia's Olympic team chosen. Mr. Brundage replies to letter of June 26 stating that he would insist on the Mexican authorities undertaking their obligations.

July 18. Full team list sent to Mexico, stating that since no final entry forms had been received the Organizing Committee could take the list as Rhodesia's official entry.

July 26. A further letter about final entry forms sent to Mexico.

July 29. Rhodesian committee receives copy of IOC letter to Mexico insisting that the Organizing Committee fulfill its obligations to Rhodesia and protesting to the

Mexican Government about the lack of visas for the Rhodesians.

July 31. Acknowledgment of receipt of Rhodesian entries received from Mexico committee. The letter asks for date of arrival of team.

August *6.* Rhodesia sends cable asking for final entry forms and identity cards.

August 8. Letters from Mexico tells Rhodesian committee that the question of Rhodesia's position had been taken up 'with higher authorities.'

August 16. Accommodation deposit returned by Mexican committee with letter stating that bookings had been cancelled.

August 17. Mr. Rafael Solana, press officer for the Mexican Organizing Committee, says that Rhodesian team would be refused entry into Mexico.

August 19. Rhodesia sends letter to Mexico requesting clarification of position in view of Mr. Solana's statement. Cable sent to president of organizing committee: 'Are we accepted?'

August 27. President cables reply: 'Status Rhodesia subject National Olympic Committee jurisdiction.'

August 28. Rhodesian committee cables Mexico: 'Please advise urgent: (1) Are our entries accepted? (2) Are we receiving identity cards ensuring unimpeded admission Mexican territory and all normal facilities during Games period?'

August 30. Rhodesian committee receives reply: 'Reference your cable August 28, sending letter today.' "

On November 6th the letter was still on its way. No reply had been received, particularly on the plight of the Rhodesian yachtsmen who had received Mexican visas and whose yacht had already been shipped to the Caribbean. Both the decision and the documentation were now complete. Rhodesia would not be at the Games of the 19th Olympiad.

In the succeeding weeks, the country's leading cricketer, Colin Bland, was excluded from entering Great Britain, even though British television viewers had selected him in the World Invitation Cricket Eleven and his fare was to be paid by the tele-

vision station. Australia, following Great Britain's lead, excluded not only Colin Bland from the World Single Wicket competition in October but also banned the Rhodesian men's and women's golf teams from participating in the world amateur golf championships during the same month.

Political interference into the affairs of sport had reached an all-time high. The sacred Olympic truce had been flagrantly violated.

CHAPTER 16

PLANTING THE SEED

The fateful decision had been made, but the question of my own future still remained very much in the melting pot. One of my main objectives in Rhodesia had been the preparation of this ill-fated team, and the last two months had been almost solely devoted to this task. A lengthy discussion with Eric Shore and an extraordinary meeting of the National Sport Foundation provided the solution. I was to revert to national coaching duties for the remainder of the month and leave Rhodesia on the original departure date of the 28th of September.

I cannot speak sufficiently highly of this foundation. Not only did they honour all initial promises but decided to pay the extra fare necessary for me to return to Australia via Mexico City—a gesture of appreciation which heartened my disconsolate frame of mind and reflected the capacity for big thinking so evident in the individual members of this Board. Fred Cleary, writing in the *Sunday Mail,* put it this way:

"Rhodesia's reaction to the banning of her sportsmen from Australia is to give an Australian a free trip to the Olympic Games. The Rhodesian National Sport Foundation is sending athletics coach John Cheffers to Mexico at the end of the month on the completion of his contract in this country."

He went on to quote Eric Shore as having said, "Australia may have prevented Colin Bland and our men's and women's golf teams from going to their country, but we feel Rhodesians should turn the other cheek and show appreciation to an Australian who has done so much for Rhodesian sport."

Cleary continued with recommendations on how the deprived Rhodesian sportsmen could be compensated, and finished by putting into words the thoughts of all sports-minded Rhodesians: "One likes to think that all this damned passport nonsense will be sorted out by then."

Passports were indeed a problem. I approached the U.S.A. Consulate in Salisbury for an entry visa and enquired about securing a Mexican permit. The Australian passport was golden, particularly with the American authorities, who immediately obliged; but the Mexican story was much more complicated. A token consulate, simply to retain diplomatic relations with South Africa, had been set up in Cape Town, but it had no power to issue entry visas. The political climate between South Africa and Mexico City was so black that I decided not to risk this avenue of approach. On hearing many stories of "lost" passports and destroyed documents, which confirmed my decision, I certainly was not going to risk this precious passport in the post between Mexico and rebel Rhodesia. I decided to wait until I arrived in U.S.A, and then make the application.

The uncertainty was worrying, however, and the likelihood of a refusal certainly not remote. Stranger things were happening in Southern Africa; and the example of Mat Marais and Dany Kleyans, President and Secretary of the South African Amateur Athletic Union, respectively, was but an instance of this. Both had been invited to attend the vital International Amateur Athletic Federation meeting in Mexico City when Kenya's motion to have South Africa thrown out of the world body was to be discussed. They had accepted and were promised that entry visas were on the way. These documents never arrived. When pressure from the press forced the Mexican authorities into a statement, the world was quickly assured that these two gentlemen would receive their permits on arrival at Mexico City. Such haphazard organization was not the fault of the Organizing Committee in Mexico, but the direct result of political pressure brought to bear on these people by President Diaz Ordaz and his anti-South African government.

I could see my passport, with its Rhodesian address, floating around in the Atlantic Ocean somewhere along with the Rhodesian official entry forms and travel documents.

Meanwhile the political situation in Rhodesia was building to a climax. Mr. Harper was squeezed out of the important Internal Affairs portfolio, and Lord Graham, Minister of Defense, had resigned also. These two were considered extreme Right Wing advocates, representing a major stumbling block to the reopening of negotiations between Rhodesia and Great

Britain. It was presumed that their removal would ensure realistic value to the proposed talks, which were supposed to be top-secret. The press were alert, though, and flocks of journalists shuffled forwards and backwards between Salisbury and Johannesburg, sniffing around the political haunts and lifting the profits of the Quill Club proportionately. Almost as if not to disappoint them a portly Englishman, Mr. Bottomley, carrying the traditional briefcase and dressed in an appropriate Public Service-style striped suit, stepped from the international jet at the Salisbury airport, his visit shrouded in utmost secrecy. He imagined his arrival was, too, until the tarmac greeted him with David Paynter and other press representatives all clamouring for revealing information.

I was informed that this gentleman was the under Secretary for Commonwealth Affairs, not the esteemed Minister in the British Cabinet; but great importance was attached to his arrival. He was, in accord with his comparatively lower station, dubbed "Mini-Bottomley." On the surface his visit was almost as capricious; the official reason being that he had come to check up on how things were and to confer with Sir Humphrey Gibbs. But the bastions of information were not satisfied with this shallow explanation. They rightly guessed that he heralded much more important considerations which prefaced the renewal of conference between Ian Smith and Harold Wilson.

The optimists started talking about a settlement with their Christmas turkey. But the more realistic souls fully appreciated the sharp differences in opinion and treated this further attempt at conciliation with utmost caution. One disgusted public relations officer was heard to say in the Quill Club, "You know, if they settle now, they will get exactly the same terms as they would have agreed to five days after U.D.I." The reconciliation was not going to be easy, and evidence to the claim that Rhodesia could yet turn Republic was substantial.

I was deeply concerned from the sportsmen's viewpoint. This tightening noose which threatened Rhodesia's international sporting extinction was exerting untold damage on morale. Sportsmen must have international competition and stimulus if they are to succeed at the international level. It is a pipe-dream to imagine that an athlete can become a champion in his own "back yard," then be transplanted into the world situation and

achieve miraculous results. He must be blooded, he must serve his apprenticeship, and he must mature in mental approach. Isolation could only mean degeneration.

Mathias Kanda remained in strict training, and Bernard returned after a week's break. Fortunately, the international cross-country run between South Africa and Rhodesia was to take place in Bulawayo three weeks later, and I had an immediate objective towards which these two heartbroken athletes could work. It took Bernard at least a fortnight before he was ready to run competitively, but when he did, he shattered all existing records for the race. He won the 7J4 -mile journey comfortably with over a minute to spare and in faster time than had ever previously been recorded for this distance in Southern Africa. His scintillating form produced headlines in all newspapers and a new wave of sympathy from all sporting patrons. Never has a month dragged so slowly for me. I was angry at the political situation and saddened at having to leave a country in which I had made so many friends of all races, especially under such disappointing circumstances. It is impossible to fully relay the despondency and heart-rending feelings expressed by all associated with sport. Even the "knockers" were shocked by the stark accuracy of their own gloomy predictions. Yet it was necessary for all in official position to look ahead; plan for whatever future existed; and dismiss the crippling effect of doubt and dismay. I spoke to Rotary Clubs, publicity and public relations luncheons, community service associations, and even to a theatre audience during interval. "All seed planted will grow" was the theme of my optimism; but it needed the water and faith that is so often claimed in biblical assertion, and, in more practical terms, a great many enthusiasts ready to roll up their sleeves in determined endeavour. I tried to summarize this optimism in my last article, published on the Saturday morning of my departure, entitled:

Work Towards Munich Games in 1912

> "The seed will grow. Once planted, nurtured, watered and protected, the seeds of great sporting achievement will shoot forth from the fertile soil of endeavour and flower,

just as inevitably as light fades into night and rekindles the next morning.

Rhodesian sportsmen and women have suffered many setbacks this year. They have been banned from travel, barred from the World Championships in Mexico City, and stifled by the refusal of international teams to tour.

Faint hearts have served the question—what happens now? And dubious supporters have withdrawn support. But those steadfast to the ideals of sport, in flexing their muscles, are setting about answering the challenge, and will spore a much greater advance from the coming generation.

The children of today know nothing of sanctions, vindictive pettiness or racial intolerance. They are much more interested in kicking a football, throwing a ball, a javelin, or wrestling for supremacy with Tommy Brown in the adjacent field.

They will not tolerate unjustified restriction of their freedom, nor will they blindly adhere to the established course of their elders.

Louis Armstrong, at a time when the world's thinking appears to be inside out, predicts the optimism for the ensuing years with this great line, "and I think to myself, what a wonderful world."

Infringements into the fundamental rights of citizens, undisguised bullying of the smaller nations, and the apparent impunity to retribution by the larger nations appears to give He to this melodic Armstrong message.

The cynic is having a field day, the pessimist has his largest audience and the 'knocker' a ready ear. But sport will survive.

I look to Munich in 1972 to restore the principles of the Olympic character. The true Rhodesian sportsman must not reduce but increase his daily training load, for the onus is now upon him to produce such quality of performance as Karen Muir and Paul Nash have done in South Africa, so that the world is forced to recognize and eventually re-assess its attitude towards the crippling effect of political influence in sport.

Regardless of race, creed, colour or political affiliation, the individual sportsman has every right to the expression of his talent.

Until recently, sport has been an international language. Spoken by all countries from the common weal, it has managed to break down all artificial barriers. Along with music and medicine, sport has, in the past, transcended national limitations and enriched civilization with great deeds and superb achievement.

God forbid, however, that Russian military might should deny the world another Emil Zatopek or Olga Fikatova.

Even if the optimist is proved wrong, he still is the richer for his positive attitude.

I do not believe that the sporting world can stay on its back for much longer. Surely the wheel will turn, even if slowly, and return civilization to stability.

Progress will ensure that nothing is quite the same as before, but new techniques, deeper scientific knowledge and improved training dedication will herald in a new and more exciting era.

Cricket, swimming, athletics, rugby and hockey can well withstand the effects of political influence, and it looks as though soccer and golf are on the verge of achieving just this.

It now remains for the individual sportsman to get on with his personal task of setting as perfect a standard of fitness and skill as possible within the limits of his human frame.

Many fine sportsmen were denied the opportunity of expressing their talents in the two World Wars, but the current situation is not as serious, and even if it were, nothing would be gained by being defeatist or pessimistic.

To the successful sportsman the earlier setback is but a challenge, perhaps even a good thing; and I'm quite sure of one fact: the tougher the opposition, the greater the eventual victory.

Seed planted everywhere will grow, even in the desert. All it needs is a little water and a little faith."

CHAPTER 17

EN ROUTE TO MEXICO

Two days before the plane was due to leave for Mexico City, I received news from David Clinker at Mangula that exceptional javelin-thrower Wilfred Ngwenya had moved south and intended to stay there. I guessed that Wilfred, disappointed at his exclusion from the Olympic Games team and disheartened at the eventual fate of that team, felt he could further his career better from South Africa. My fear of degeneration in Rhodesian athletics was largely offset, though, by a reassuring press statement from the new President, Eric Shore:

"I and my executive . . . aim to make this season one of get up and go. ... It is no good living in the past, so we plan to make this season as memorable and exciting as possible. The big thing is to give the athlete something to work for. The goal for next season, as I see it, is for us to send as large a contingent as we can to the South African Games. South African sport has shown it can take it on the chin—and so can we."

The busy round of social engagements during the last week failed to erase, but at least shrouded, my inherent anger. I said good-bye to many people. Roger Seaton and John Madzima at the Breweries detained me. John's daughter, the petite nineteen-year-old Sheila, had just been awarded a scholarship to go to Great Britain to train as a physiotherapist. His chairmanship of the Jairos-Jiri Association had first interested his daughter in its benevolent objective, the rehabilitation of the disabled and blind African children; and her decision to become the first African to train as a physiotherapist delighted the three of us.

Finally I was farewelled on to the South African Airways Boeing 727, and vivid memories became my vision of Rhodesia. I wondered if I would ever return to this country.

If the temperature for nine months of the year dropped to 74 degrees, people complained of cold; if it lifted to 76 degrees

the same people said it was too hot.* I heard a partisan Rhodesian once remark, "Rhodesia has the climate that California thinks it has;" and the sight from the air of the many private swimming pools dotted all over bore witness to the climatic clemency.

I looked around the plane at the empty seats. This aircraft had originally been set aside for the Olympic team, and a few late bookings had stolen these reservations. It was difficult not to glare at the unsuspecting intruders, so I buried my head into the Russian epic, *And Quiet Flows the Don,* until clamouring memories temporarily faded from mind. A brief but eventful stopover at Johannesburg sent me on my way to New York via Brussels in Europe. A woman had picked up my travelling bag, containing all athletic training gear, by mistake at the Jan Smuts airport, and harassed officials managed to recover it just in time.

Even the lurid pages of the Nobel Prize-winning Russian epic failed to keep my mind from feverishly working over the events of the past year. At times I felt guilty at my lone journey, thinking of the unfortunate plight of those left at home. Surely every contact with the words "Olympic Games" would produce bitterness, and a few must have given up reading the newspapers or listening to the radio broadcasts during the ensuing weeks.

It was a long flight to Brussels. The captain explained, "Due to the unfriendliness of the Northern African nations with South Africa, we are not allowed air space over their territories; and of course Biafra is not exactly the country to be in contact with at present. Also, Algeria is addicted to hi-jacking foreign airliners, so it is much safer all around to fly around, rather than over, the hump of Africa."

Brussels greeted us with rain, the first I'd seen for seven months. Many travellers on this plane were ex-patriates returning from the Congo. But to listen to their stories was to return to gloomy reflection, so I kept well away, merely catching sporadic traces in their colourful language. At Brussels we were required to stay overnight, so I booked in at the Auberge St. Michel, which is tucked shyly away in a corner of the celebrated Grand Place. But sleep was impossible. I tossed and turned, my mind in anguish. I had never been so upset before and the

*Mean average temperature, 66-72.

experience was disquieting. Then, in turmoil, I got up and paced the small room like a caged animal. My anger was long and deferred and implacable. I walked the cobbled streets of Brussels with determined glare and impatient gait, especially around the Grand Place, with its traditional cloak of aged ceremony and the many sidewalk cafés and busy, rotund people. They spoke either French or Flemish and looked every bit a civilized people. With both character and strength their voices merged with the clang of the busy city. I sat in a small café at eleven that night, with a sandwich and coffee as sole companions. My mood by this time was more reflective. Two Frenchwomen moved in to share my table, obviously a mother and her daughter. Both were talking quickly and urgently. I heard the word "Africa" and pricked up my ears, tuning into their rapid conversation but understanding only every third word. When I heard Australia mentioned, it was too much. I intervened and found them very pleasant. Refugees from the Congo, both were considering migration to the great free land, down under. They asked questions which amused me but to them were very serious.

"Do you have rapists and riots in Australia?"

"Is the black man living in smouldering hatred of his white overseer?"; and, "Is Australia a fit place in which to bring up children?"

In English, for they both spoke the language fluently and a little too fervently, I spoke of my own country.

"It is a peaceful and stable land. I found much fault with things when a resident there, but now, after seeing much of the rest of the world, I realize how fortunate we Australians are. Yes—we have riots, but they are rare and mild by comparison. Yes—we have the odd rapist, but he is dealt with summarily and is the object of pity rather than fear. Yes—it is a wonderful country in which to bring up your children. There are 100,000 aborigines, and their education, welfare, and future potential are, nowadays, of real concern to every Australian. We have a world boxing champion in Lionel Rose who is liked and respected by every 'dinkum' Australian, and others who have succeeded in art, music and all branches of sport. We have our few racialists, but they are of no concern to the average citizen. Go! See the consul and find out for yourself."

I enthused openly about Australia for the first time, and

hoped immediately afterwards that I didn't sound so patriotic that the women disbelieved me. Then the mother spoke of her life in Leopoldville.

"My husband is still there. He will no longer look at me or even speak. I have three children living here with me in Brussels. Life during the Congo massacre was sheer hell. Jan, my husband, loved me and the children, until one day he returned home to find me unconscious on the floor. Fortunately my children were at school. They did not see me raped by uncontrollable Congolese soldiers reputedly there to stop rioting. Then the rumour was spread that I had encouraged them. My husband, at first shocked and vindictive, eventually became doubtful and believed the rumours. I despised him and left. Since that time his own frequent infidelity has become common knowledge in my circle of friends—so I have no regrets. What of your Australia? Has it the opportunity for our family to start again?"

Her pitiful voice had changed its shades of intensity several times during this epic confession. She was now imploring, seeking something solid and stable. I urged her to go to the consulate the next day and gave her my Australian address. She and her daughter left immediately, with grateful smiles and the reassurance of visiting me in Australia some day. This was the last I heard of them. Her story seemed true, and the emotion was certainly real. The sad truth is, we shall never fully gauge the multiple effects which these dreadful African civil wars produce. Surely there is a better answer than trial—error—success or failure.

The plane left for New York the next day. I was to stay with friends in Philadelphia for a few days, so the week was spent shuttling backwards and forwards between the two huge East Coast cities. A day with noted coach Jim Tupenny at the University of Pennsylvania, along with many informal coaching conferences, succeeded my application for a Mexican visa. A little tense as I approached the embassy, the fear of refusal had already set my mind working on alternative means of getting into Mexico. My determination was such that even "jumping the border" had been seriously considered. The attractive receptionist took down basic particulars and disappeared behind an office door. I heard a voice say, "I am far too busy at present. You attend to it for me," and felt the prospects of taking the first round were definitely favourable.

After filling in more forms, I was told that all would be well, the whole procedure having taken eight minutes. The little receptionist "rocked" me with her observation, after opening the passport and studying the origin of my U.S.A, entry visa: "Salisbury? That's in North Carolina, isn't it?"

I didn't answer. What could I say? The only remaining problem was the immigration authorities at the airport in Mexico City itself. The Mexican visa distinctly stated that the permit was entirely conditional to border authority; and after seeing the huge telephone book of "banned" names on entering the U.S.A., I could not be certain of unimpeded passage into the Olympic city.

Stories of rioting and the predictions of possible cancellation of the Olympic Games received prominence in the American press.

"How ironical," my host said, "if, after all this, the Games were cancelled!"

The *Philadelphia Enquirer* on October 4th headlined "The Spilling of Mexican Sniper Nests in a Bloodbath" and went on to lucidly describe stories of running gun-battles, patrolling tanks and homemade-bomb episodes. In the main student uprising on the Wednesday evening, two days previously, official figures of 25 dead were swelled to at least 40 by the most conservative of Mexican newspapers; and one Italian newspaper woman, Oriana Fallaci, "was shot in the right thigh, left knee and back." She was quoted as saying:

> "I have covered the Vietnam war, but I have never seen anything similar to what happened that night . . . there was wild shooting all over the place. I even had the feeling that soldiers and policemen were trading shots in the great confusion."

The *Evening Bulletin* was even more graphic:

> "Firing in the area of the Plaza of the Three Cultures near downtown continued sporadically into the morning. Throughout the evening, snipers with automatic weapons fired from apartment windows and troops brought armoured cars into the battle and poured machine-gun fire back into the high-

rise building. One man said, 'Troops moved into one high-rise apartment building, then began bringing out people. The soldiers shoved them, kicked them as they brought out the ones who could walk. . . . Others were carried out on stretchers and they didn't move at all. I have no doubt at all that they were dead or severely injured."

Photographer Carl Sorenson said, "a policeman was shot dead at my side and troops smashed my camera and held me for an hour."

Yet more vivid still, *Newsweek International,* on October 14th had this to say of the panic engendered by the appearance of flares from an overhead helicopter during the student rally in the Plaza of the Three Cultures:

> "In their terror many of the fugitives lost all sense of humanity. At one point, a small boy and his still smaller sister, standing hand in hand and crying out, 'Mama, Mama!', were trampled underfoot by the mob. The Mexican Army later claimed that its troops in the square had come under sniper fire—and that there was sniper fire at some point was undeniable. But, some newsmen present bitterly insist that it was the troops who were the first to fire. In any case, the whole square abruptly became a shooting gallery. Automatic weapons swept building ledges where some youngsters had climbed for safety. A man, beating vainly on an apartment door, fell to his knees, then to his face as bullets thudded into him. Many in the crowd, trapped in the open under the hail of fire, squirmed along the bloody pavement like crippled animals."

All this, occurring within a few miles of the Olympic village, did little to soothe anxiety over the future of the 1968 Olympic Games. But I could not see cancellation and pressed on with my final travel arrangements. World press reports of Rhodesia had been notoriously inaccurate; so, to be fair to the Mexicans, I decided to wait and judge the accuracy of these depressing reports for myself.

The eventual confrontation with the immigration authorities in Mexico City took exactly 1 minute, 40 seconds to be clear

of all official procedures. The passport position had been critical in South Africa, but completely the reverse here in Mexico City once the Olympic festival period had begun.

I was met at the airport by Jean Roberts and other friends. It was not until much later when Jean said, [4]"I have never seen you so angry or so difficult to talk to," that I realized how intense and uncompromising my attitude had become.

CHAPTER 18

THE OLYMPIC CITY

Quite naturally, the taxi ride from the airport to my place of Mexican residence prompted many questions on the political stability to the Australians who had been there for three weeks. It also gave me an opportunity to look at the suburbs and city areas which had been the centre of such student-government turmoil. Police were in ample evidence, but no immediate signs of unrest could be seen. A city of over seven million inhabitants and host for the Games of the 19th Olympiad, Mexico City bustled with endless activity. What the dramatic press reports had failed to tell was that student unrest was only one facet of this huge city's daily routine.

Troops had occupied the university for several days, and training at that venue was temporarily abandoned. The sight of armed soldiers lining the famous Insurgentes, at three-foot intervals, extending for a distance of at least one mile, was disconcerting. The modernistic administrative buildings of the university itself, with the vivid outside murals, lost precious independence when surrounded by tanks, guns and uniformed militia. A university is traditionally a seat for free thinking. Ninety thousand students attend this vast complex of physical decentralization and academic enlightenment. There is no place for the Spartan-like activities of the Grenaderos in such a temple of Athenian revelation. Although the Mexican student is noted for his unruly behaviour, and indeed has a history of physical violence, the government of President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz had shown little guile in handling the explosive temperament of the country's student body. In the main the students were seeking much-needed reforms, but with the organization in the hands of the militants, at times student activity became destructive and meaningless.

Another example of muddled governmental thinking emerged

from the imprisonment of all previously convicted criminals for the period of the Games. Whether these poor unfortunates had reformed or not, their past record was sufficient to have them interned. This ridiculous government action produced a situation about which one prominent spokesman said: "The crime rate in Mexico City will drop during the period of the Games, but the rate in the outlying areas will increase, due to the many former criminals who fled to the country as soon as they heard of this order."

I was ready to criticize Mexico on almost all issues and had to forcibly check my thinking at times when reciprocal vindictiveness seized my rational processes. Time and again I asked myself the question, "Would this Rhodesian delegation really have caused the heated tension which gloomy antagonists had prophesied?" Many times during the next month I told locals about the Rhodesian team left behind. The universal response was one of sympathy and, at times, anger.

The athletes in the Village and the ordinary citizen in the street agreed that sport and politics made poor bedmates. One prominent Australian athlete first broached the subject with this statement: "How do you really feel having just wasted the last year?"

Quickly I assured him that the coaching duties in Rhodesia had not been a waste of time, but certainly the Olympic preparation had been to no avail. I saw the faces of Mathias and Bernard many times in the sea of athletes that wandered from dining room to track and theatre to shopping center within the capacious Village. This had been their main goal; and here in Mexico City, within the sanctuary of the Olympic Village, once again I deplored the action of deprivation to any legitimate sportsman from any member country of this great world sporting conference.

The Village was a credit to the Mexicans. Five large dining rooms, a recreational swimming pool, magnificent tartan track athletic facilities, a comprehensive shopping center including post office and banks, an indoor training area for the combat sports, a complex recreational and entertainment centre along with a charming Grecian open-air theatre, completed facilities unprecedented in the history of the Olympic Games. Indeed, the Mexicans had organized a complete new town which was

almost self-sufficient. Many critics of Mexico City found substance in other considerations, such as the altitude, transport and program provision; but even the most fastidious judgement went overwhelmingly in favour of Mexican hospitality.

I found very little fault with the man in the street. He had absorbed the Olympic atmosphere of peace and well-being. He was eager to help in any way. I travelled backwards and forwards along Insurgentes each day to the Village or the Stadium in such a variety of vehicles, driven by workmen on the one hand and company executives on the other. One truck driver stopped outside his bank, disappeared for a short time, and presented me with a 25-peso silver coin, struck especially by the government mint to commemorate the Games of 19th Olympiad.

Each delegation was provided with at least one attractive, young, multi-lingual *"edecan."* These obliging lassess worked long hours and averted many embarrassing situations. The Mexicans had worked hard to establish these Games as the Cultural Olympics; and with the colourful Aztec history still in such evidence throughout the entire city, both archaelogists and sportsmen found plenty to interest them.

A great deal of hogwash is spoken about the Olympics bringing man together and providing him with brotherly love. The intense rivalry between delegations at times make for anything but peace. But the intrinsic value of individual meeting individual, and the undoubted benefit gained from direct contact with the best performers and the best sportsmen in the world, is priceless.

The Games are not quite yet world games, as the Chinese, certain African countries, and more recently formed Asian nations are either denied the right to come or haven't the organization or wherewithal to do so.

Elevated high above the main gate of the Village and towering over the many national flags sat the symbol of an almost-closed and slightly asymetrical circular figure. This broken circle, mounted on a base of solid stone, admitted that the world is not yet fully united behind the Olympic Charter. The President's paternal statement to the youth of Mexico,

[a]Yo soy la guia do la juventua do Mexico; yo soy la luz dama su mano" (I am the guide of the young people of Mexico; I am the light, give me your hand), spoken just prior to the

student riots, could also be described as dangerously incomplete. The more militant Mexican young frequently accused the government of having bought the press. The term *"prensa vendida"* (sold-out press) was heard frequently, and it certainly was difficult to find any criticism of the Mexican Government in the regular press. Even the cartoonists preferred to vent their talent on U.S.A, politicians rather than risk censure by taking off on any of the local Mexican authorities.

But life in the Village was oblivious of these worries. Each morning Jean would train at the throwing circles alongside Russians, Czechoslovakians, East Germans and Poles. They were all keen to improve in both technique and performance, and they discussed their respective events freely, without thought of race, creed or colour. One tall, black discus-thrower from the Ivory Coast trained daily for up to three hours at a time. Very few coloured throwers have succeeded in the history of athletics. Yet to see this competent exponent of the difficult art of discus-throwing in action was to realize that, with perseverance and good coaching, the dark man can emerge in these events as well. I thought of Wilfred Ngwenya and longed to see him here, throwing beside the great Russian, Janis Lusis. Lusis would train on alternate days for two hours at a time. He would bring with him a bag full of rocks and a small l^-lb. weight which he found invaluable in the preparatory stages of his training session. Onlookers stood mesmerized as each rock from the little bag was hurled high over the cliff at the end of the javelin area, a mere 320 feet away. In watching his technique closely I saw the very hip action Wilfred needed. There is little doubt the talented Mangula athlete would have learned much from this scholarly Latvian athlete. Lusis spoke English fluently, was warm in conversation and friendly in nature. He, along with many of the other athletes from all countries, used tape recorders to send messages home. The thoughtful action by the Mexicans in accepting a West German company's offer to supply free tapes, meant a much more personal means of exchange between the occupants of the Olympic Village and their families and personal friends back in their mother countries.

Occasional excursions by the Villagers brought them into contact with the Mexican dilemma. Immense wealth was displayed by a few and tragic poverty by far too many. A colonial

house with stately patio and marble staircase frequently stood opposite a vacant allotment on which scores of squatter families had erected unhygienic mud lean-tos. "Montezuma's revenge," a savage form of gastro-enteritis, had its beginning in these squatter homes. The absence of hygienic toilet habits enabled the disease to take hold and spread to the rest of the people, even to the occupants of the Spanish villa opposite. In spite of great care by doctors and athletes in the Village, Montezuma still wreaked his revenge.

The pride of the Mexican male is something that visitors have talked about for many years. He will do almost anything to appease this pride. The cruelty of the bullfights, so casually staged on Sunday afternoons between 4:30 and 6:30, bears witness. If man is to die, then he must do it with honour. The man is the leader of the home to the extent where his mistakes are exonerated by his august position. Life is not held as dearly in Mexico as in other Western civilizations, although such a generalization is dangerous. Certainly the great divergence of wealth and social position, the existence of a domestic system, and the presence in the streets of large numbers of beggars closely resembled the African situation I had just left behind.

The Olympic visitors frequented the market places in search of bargains and rare pieces of silver, bronze and onyx. Bargaining was keen and roguery well to the fore. Price tags were absent from all items, the accepted custom being to halve the amount quoted and possibly go up a little from there. Coming from a country with such a high cost of living, the Americans made matters difficult, especially as the Australian accent, to the untrained ear, is similar to that of the American.

"For you, a special price—fifty pesos." Horrified, I would reply, "Fair go, mate! I'm not American—I'm Australiano. I have to work just as hard as you for my money."

"Uh!—twenty pesos and a Kangaroo pin."

This was a little more acceptable.

The student leaders had kept their promise. No further demonstrations or riots were staged as the Olympics drew closer. Police feared a massive demonstration on the day of the official opening and made plans accordingly. But the hullabaloo of paper talk and rumour about an impending civil war proved grossly inaccurate.

Although each tartan track cost something in the vicinity of a quarter of a million dollars, the Mexicans had provided ample training venues in tartan, as well as the magnificent surface at the main stadium. This revolutionary new track of synthetic rubberized compound caused mixed reactions from athletes. Many complained of calf and thigh soreness, but few were seriously affected. By far the most serious complaint was that nobody had invented this surface earlier and very few had them to go back to, at home. This tartan track contributed equally as effectively as the altitude to the sensational world record-breaking spree which took place in the track and field competition.

The track at the village was always heavily populated. The athletes ranged from arrogant individuals, flamboyantly going through over-enriched schedules, to shy Nigerian female sprinters apologetically attempting modest loosening exercises well to the side of the running surface. The bizarre colours of the national uniforms littered this ideal training venue. The Russians would hurdle together in deep red, the Italians hurdled separately in royal blue, and the Irish hurdled anything in their proud green.

Before breakfast, the track presented an even more colourful picture, not restricted merely to the athletes. Boxers, shadow-sparring in heavy track suits, shed superfluous ounces, while graceful gymnasts stretched carefully shaped limbs in elfin beauty around the steeplechase gate. Occasionally hockey squads trundled to and fro brandishing curved sticks, and skillful soccer players deftly moved their round ball over the grassed infield; fierce Mongolian wrestlers grappled menacingly with one another, each taking full advantage of the crisp, clear morning atmosphere.

Like Los Angeles, Mexico City experiences difficulty with smog, but on days when Popocateptl and its sister peak are visible, these contrasting vistas provide exquisite beauty. Snow-capped the year round, these two famous mountains tower possessively above the alpine basin which cradles the capital city of Mexico.

Dense crowds lined the Village enclosure, anxious to see the sportsmen at close range. Willingly they paid their one peso to ride on comic, fun-park vehicles for a quick tour around the main roads stretching from one side of the Village to the other.

The more privileged secured passes and mingled. Some even managed to dine with the athletes and carried treasured memories from the Olympic site back to their mundane homes.

I could see no evidence of hatred, only the reverse. The name "Rhodesia" appeared on most allocation lists alongside such European nations as Sweden and Czechoslovakia; and when I collected the mail from the official box in the administrative building, I found that most nations had included her on their mailing lists.

Ludwig Danek, the Czechoslavakian discus-thrower and former world record-holder, would be seen each morning seriously intent on regaining his position of supremacy; while alongside, the great Russian hammer-thrower Ronvald Klim pounded out huge throw after throw. They frequently waited for each other or called out friendly warnings as the lethal, erstwhile war-weapons were flung far out into the field. The heavy thud of the hammer-head, burying itself deep into the turf, contrasted sharply with the smooth baton-changing of the women's relay teams. The Australians were strongly fancied for a medal after successfully demolishing the English and Russian opposition in one of the pre-Olympic competitions where they equalled the world record. Unfortunately an administrative slip-up forced them to enter a slightly inferior team and they finished a disappointing fourth in the final. A scratch Australian men's team surprised all by reigning supreme in the pre-Olympic competitions. Comprised of two sprinters, a long-jumper and a triple-jumper, this talented ensemble discovered their potential too late to be officially entered and had to be content to watch the team final from the stands.

There was bitterness, too, in these preparatory weeks. Poland's dual Olympic champion and current world record-holder Josef Schmidt limped from the triple-jump area with a hopelessly pulled achilles tendon, and dapper Belgian steeplechase champion Gaston Roelants was daily losing cupfuls of fluid from his badly swollen knee.

Then the U.S.A, team arrived. They invaded the track, causing all other activity to cease. Whether planned or otherwise, this all-powerful team achieved its purpose of thrusting fear deep into the hearts of the watching nations. Names like Jim Ryun, Al Oerter and Tommie Smith had become as familiar

in foreign countries as they were in the States. The reaction of many watching athletes was defeatist; but a few others, like Ralph Doubell of Australia and Kepchoge Keino of Kenya, stirred within, in determined resolution. It is a popular game to blame the U.S.A, for the world's current ills but it is also an undeniable fact that the standards set by Uncle Sam's Olympic athletes are frighteningly unreal. The competition between individual members of this powerful team was so strong that they refused to train together, and chief coach Peyton Jordan found great difficulty in spreading himself around the various venues.

Intelligent athletes watched and assessed as the Americans trained. So talented and so individualistic, these youthful giants always taught valuable lessons. Sometimes it was speed, at others technique or strength; but always there was a lesson to be learned. Obtuse or prejudiced coaches ascribe the American success merely to natural ability, seriously underestimating other considerations, such as technique, training schedule and mental attitude. For years now knowledgeable coaches have condemned Al Oerter's discus-throwing technique; but in each Olympiad for the past twelve years, this powerhouse of muscle and mind has effectively answered them. This particular situation reminded me of a statement made years ago by the famous physical educationist, Dr. Fritz Duras:

"Never judge a coach merely by his successes, look to his failures as well. A good coach will succeed, but a great coach will have universal success. It is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but the great coach will make it appear that way."

The opening day drew near, and the number of lone flagpoles towering above the village entrance gate diminished to a mere handful. National emblems from 107 countries fluttered carelessly in the gentle breeze. Unseasonal rain in the afternoon sent athletes scattering but did little to dampen the enthusiasm or happiness of the 8000 Village inhabitants. Pins and souvenirs were exchanged feverishly as the appointed competition date approached, and competitors from all parts of the globe provided concrete evidence for the statement, "It is not easy to hate a friend."

Outside the Village an uneasy, smouldering peace existed. Resident Mexicans were quick to open their doors to the

Olympic visitor and even quicker to ask his opinion of their city. They seemed very anxious to please and were naturally concerned over the adverse press publicity received from the student riots. More than one with whom I spoke condemned the ruthless destruction of the students' reform platform and hoped the secret talks between the government and student leaders would produce a permanent peace.

The police were in a quandary. Paid a miserable 1000 pesos a month, it was necessary for these officers of the law to seek bribes; and this they did with unerring efficiency. The truce called by the police chiefs during the Games, and the heavier load of work entailed, made this an unhappy and unrewarding month for the Mexican policemen. They compensated by clamping down heavily on the local population. One well-to-do visitor to the Olympic Village was "spot-fined" 200 pesos for backing his car out of the village entrance gate after having been directed there in the first place. I asked him why he paid this outrageous imposition, and he replied, "It is cheaper in the long run. By the time it gets to the courts I will have paid twice that amount in interim costs or compensatory bribes. Corruption in official circles is the bane of Mexico."

One delightful story running around told of the major portion of the enormous underground railway contract being won in open competition by none other than President Diaz Ordaz's son.

The taxi drivers were the worst. Bound by stringent and unfair regulations, these people were forced to ignore meter readings and contested their luck with the individual passenger. It was first necessary to ascertain the fee before daring to undertake a taxi ride in Mexico City. The unending demand for exorbitant fare made the taxi driver's occupation a much-harassed but lucrative profession. One incorrigible rogue wanted to charge me 50 pesos for a seven-block journey, when the whole trip from my residence to the Olympic Village six miles away registered 8 pesos on the meter.

Finally the morning of the opening ceremony arrived and the task of the combined army and police force rose to almost impossible proportions. Thousands of gaily dressed Mexicans flocked to the main stadium. Roads were either blocked off or hopelessly jammed hours before the official opening was due to

begin. The Grenaderos were guarding the succession of torch-bearers, and this they did with characteristic ruthlessness. These heavily armed, universally unpopular riot police were transported thirty-two at a time in specially constructed riot wagons —sixteen cubicle-like, doorless compartments on each side allowing for easy disembarkation and rapid retreat. Travelling one hundred yards ahead of the torch-bearers, the Grenaderos needlessly and viciously prodded the awaiting crowd gathered to line the route and welcome the bearers of the sacred flame, with long wooden poles. Ironically, twenty yards further behind a "chant wagon," equipped with loudspeaker, urged the people to learn the local interpretation of a universal chant, "Mexico, Mexico, rah-rah-rah!"

While the torch was making its way along Insurgentes, the Olympic procession began in the main stadium. Traditionally, the Greek delegation led the march past. Then followed the remaining 106 countries in alphabetical order, with the host bringing up the rear. The whole march took one and a half hours but never at any stage lost spectator appeal. Dignity and strength were well to the fore. The Czechoslovakian delegation received tumultuous applause. Some felt this might foretell trouble for the Russians, but they too were greeted politely; and I knew then, with consummate sadness, that the little Rhodesian team would have been welcomed by these hospitable people.

Fearing violence, the troops had searched every spectator as he entered the stadium for guns, bombs and other offensive weapons; but this fear proved groundless. The Olympic spirit had captured the Mexican populace. All these spectators wanted to do was to welcome and be entertained. Both aspects were well catered-for. The giant Russian heavyweight weightlifting champion Leonid Zhabotinsky carried his country's flag like a toy in his outstretched right hand. I was a little disappointed when he was forced to change hands halfway round, but fully appreciated this tremendous feat. Other flag-bearers were struggling to keep their lofty emblems secure in their base pouches, but Zhabotinsky spurned this artificial aid and even dipped the Russian flag with a nonchalant wrist-action in salute to the President as he passed by. The Mongolian delegation was led by a fierce warrior garbed in a traditional but scanty battle dress which delighted the fun-loving crowd. Each country

claimed that its uniform was superior and its girls the prettiest.

The lighting of the flame officially proclaimed Mexico City the host city to the Olympic Games. Pomp and pageantry and peace at last reached this troubled city; and as this impressive and inspiring ceremony drew to a close, a worded greeting appeared on the imposing scoreboard, which said, "Mexico welcomes all nations of the world to take part in the Games of the 19th Olympiad."

I sat motionless, bitter once again in the midst of all this festivity.

CHAPTER 19

A SCINTILLATING WEEK

The lack of Russian success in recent years has caused much speculation. Australian coach Ray Weinberg and I frequently discussed this apparent anomaly. The Russians, with so many coaches, the benefit of so much scientific research, and with the rich potential of a vast population, should have maintained their initial successful rivalry with the U.S.A. But this had not happened. Ray and I came to the conclusion that the Russian training methods were far too inflexible. Time and again the U.S.S.R. athletes would train together, copying each other's actions and striving for identical technique. They reminded me of a military training establishment where physical training with the objective of making all actions one, is insisted upon. The Americans, on the other hand, elevate the individual and encourage experimentation. The Russian system makes sense in a textbook, but the Americans make their advance in the practical arena. The technique of fibre-glass pole-vaulting developed in America as a result of John Uelses and others playing around with a "whippy" pole. In Russia, John would never have been allowed to dabble in such risky experimentation. The "Fosbury Flop," a gold-medal-winning gymnastic feat of high-jumping, could only have emerged from the American type of system. The Russians seem intent on making men machine-like, whereas the Americans evolve their machines from the experiences of man. The American coaches rarely produce effective literature because they spend so much time on the track and because, apart from the basic fundamentals of each event, they find it difficult to settle for one stereotyped technique. Their champions differ greatly in the final expression of their application. Jay Silvester was working on an entirely different emphasis from Al Oerter, yet both were achieving similar distances in the men's discus. Bob Seagren vaulted by "feel," whereas John Pennel adhered rigidly

to distances laid down by the measuring tape. Randy Matson, the giant Texan shot-putter, captured his gold medal with concentration on linear momentum, whereas Californian Dave Maggard fervently believed in the need for greater rotational emphasis.

The Russians learn by detailed analysis, resulting in steps of common progression. They move from one step to another in systemized convention. The Americans are more prepared to jump into "trial—error—success or failure." I think I prefer the American "whole" application to the Russian methodical conformity. One noted exception in the Russian team, however, was Janis Lusis, the current world record-holder in javelin throwing. A keen student of athletics, Lusis worked very much as an individual and had devised a distinctive technique of his own which, although at times criticized, was tremendously effective. Almost as if to support the conclusion that Ray Weinberg and I came to, the Americans reeled off gold medal after gold medal, while the Russians had to be content with a meagre three.

The 10,000-metre final on the Sunday provided the first opportunity for opponents of the staging of the Games at altitude to fire their first pellets. There is little doubt that distance-running in the rarified atmosphere of Mexico City was to be arduous and even unfair. Australian champion Ron Clarke, having lived his entire life at sea level, had legitimate grounds for complaint; but then Ron talked so long and so hard about all the ramifications involved in the adaptation that one could not escape the thought that psychology was to play a major part. The French, in their experimentations, came to the conclusion that the psychological factor was immensely important.

Comic relief was provided during this epic by an Italian photographer, eager to capture the action and conscientious in application to his gloomy suspicions. The race began; and during the first four laps, four athletes were forced to stop running. As each collapsed the fervent photographer raced to his side and filmed copious quantities of revealing evidence, sprinting from one victim across the field to another, his heavy cameras and other photographic paraphenalia weighing heavily upon his corpulent frame.

"Over here, Giuseppe!" yelled the spotter, and he enthusiastically responded.

The drama of the circular contest was momentarily transferred to the centre field when the eager Italian threw both hands high above his head and collapsed, deep in the midst of his cameras, with apparent oxygen-starvation. Perhaps he had the wrong mental approach?

The athletes continued their tortuous experience. Ron Clarke, seeking to preserve a balance in the intake and output of the vital gases oxygen and carbon dioxide, maintained a steady pace. Ron felt that bursts would increase his oxygen debt to the extent where premature exhaustion would occur. The little Kenyan, Neftali Temu, raced with apparent disconcern, although his teammate Kipchoge Keino experienced much difficulty towards the finish. The African athletes, born and bred on the high plateaus of that huge continent, revelled in the familiar conditions. The Kenyans and the Ethiopians and the Mexicans were in home territory.

The time was not fast, but the effort was great; and when Temu and Wolde disputed the lead in a 52-second last lap, the rest of the field was left floundering in the rear. The tenacious little Kenyan army officer courageously got to the front as the finishing line appeared, and recovered so quickly afterwards that any further debate on the advantage of altitude-upbringing was nullified.

Temu was discovered at a village track meeting five years earlier, as a skinny soldier of eighteen years. He was very enthusiastic but knew nothing of modern training methods. His formal education had finished at primary school and his chances of reading modern textbooks were consequently limited. Fortunately for Temu, a former Englishman, John Velzian, discovered the young champion and coached him to international success. Velzian, who also found and coached Kipchoge Keino and Wilson Kiprugut, had been the Kenyan national coach for the previous four years. He had suffered as a result of the "Kenyanization" of important posts one year earlier. The first he learned of his demotion was when he read of it in the Nairobi newspapers. He was not even allowed to congratulate the diminutive Kenyan soldier after his courageous win. John Velzian's steadying influence was sadly missed, and the ingratitude shown towards him by the Kenyan government was a crime. Wilson Kiprugut ran his three 800-metre races in the same fashion in

spite of an ominous warning, clearly given by the Australian champion Ralph Doubell in the semi-final. Kiprugut seemed more interested in crowd acclaim and ran without effective plan. Kipchoge Keino amazed by lying on the grass in the centre of the field, apparently to recover, after having stopped in the final stages of the 10,000-metre. To the surprise of all, he got up and joined in the race again. Biwott, their steeplechase champion, nearly ruined his chances in the final by an unnecessarily fast heat-run. John Velzian did manage to communicate with his charges but had to resort to cupping his hands and issuing forth a tribal shriek from over the fence. Velzian was most anxious to give the credit to the athletes for their scintillating performances, but shook his head in disgust at the action of the Kenyan Government in so unceremoniously deposing him.

The incredible week continued with world record after world record being broken. In one way it was sad to see this shattering effect on previous all-time great performances. Quite obviously the shorter explosive events were benefiting from the rarified atmosphere and the tartan track. The East German lass Margitta Gummel lifted the women's shotput record by three feet; David Hemery from Great Britain lowered the men's 400-metre-hurdles time by almost a second; Lee Evans ran the 400 metres in even time; Irena Kirzenstern covered the 200 metres three yards faster than any woman had previously; the men's and women's U.S.A, relay teams shattered the previous world marks by big margins. The men's long and triple jumps provided unbelievable performances. Russian Victor Saneev not only lifted the world record from the 55' to the 56' mark but finished by being the world's first to reach 57 feet when he exceeded this 21st-century distance by % of an inch. Bob Beamon, the American jumping freak, recorded a performance not thought possible in this day and age in the men's long-jump by clearing a distance of 29'2 1/4". The leggy Negro rocked the stands in Mexico City, and the listening world. His jump was the most incredible thing I have seen in sixteen years of watching senior athletics. Beamon himself could not believe it, and retired to the spectator's gallery after one further jump. The elaborate electronic measuring device set up by the fastidious Mexicans did not extend this far, and officials had to resort to the old-fashioned steel tape to

record the fantastic distance. Mexico's athletic environment proved good for the jumpers, and Viorica Viscopoleanu of Rumania took advantage by accounting for the women's long-jump world record as well.

After having watched Bob Seagren train, I was not surprised to see him emerge victorious in the men's pole-vault. He claimed a new world record but had the narrowest of wins, as a count-back was needed to separate him from two German vaulters. The Americans have never lost a pole-vault in the 72-year history of the Olympic Games, but Seagren had the closest of battles. When the bar was raised to the then-existing world record height, Schiprowski, Nordwig and Seagren were still in the competition, with the American running third on countback. Seagren gambled by "passing" this height. His supreme confidence and unnerving courage were rewarded when he was the first to clear the new world record height. There was such a small margin between genius and stupidity that evening as the pole-vault drew to its climactic end!

The times recorded in the middle-and long-distance races were relatively poor. Ruefully I watched Wolde of Ethiopia, Temu of Kenya and Gammoudi of Tunisia win gold medals in times that Bernard Dzoma and Mathias Kanda were capable of running. It would be a brave man who would attempt to forecast the winner of Olympic distance races, and it is possible that both Rhodesians would have performed poorly, as so many of the big name athletes did. But it is comforting to know that at least the two Africans were (at these Mexican Olympics) ready to move into world class.

The fancied Negro sprinter, Jim Hines, led an almost all-black field to the tape in the 100-metres final in the great time of 9.9 seconds. Hines deserved to win, and in my book he is the fastest sprinter in the world today. South African athletic enthusiasts would disagree, advancing the claims of their mercurial Paul Nash; and it certainly was a pity the South African was not given the opportunity of measuring his talent alongside the formidable field of Negro athletes. Whereas it was a matter of conjecture as to Paul Nash's likelihood of ultimate success, it certainly was obvious to all that South Africa's schoolgirl Karen Muir was missed in the women's backstroke swimming. This brilliant youngster had demolished all comers in the

previous year, and would most certainly have stood on the highest pedestal during the Olympic backstroke victory ceremonies.

The Games were not without evidence of racial discrimination and colour hatred. The militant core of Negro athletes in the U.S.A, team had for some time threatened demonstration. Incited by San Jose State College faculty member Harry Edwards, these militants threatened to boycott the Olympics and desert the United States Olympic team in its battle for supremacy against the rest of the world. Whereas most athletes were in sympathy with the objectives of the demonstrators, few could tolerate the methods they employed. John Carlos incurred the displeasure of most athletes in the Village by his extroverted behaviour. He made many accusations against the white man and cared not for their accuracy. At a press conference after the memorable 200- metre final, in which he was placed third, he said, "You think of us as animals. Tommie and I heard them boo tonight and we saw their white faces. What I say is—white people who go to see blacks perform and boo them like they did tonight should not go to see us at all."

But Carlos had finished third. He did not run well and could even have finished out of a place had Larry Questad, his white teammate, been in his usual form.

The real champion was Tommie Smith, who, although he took part in the simple demonstration, summed up his attitude by saying, "If I win I'm an American, not a black American." This great athlete did most of his talking on the athletic track and was a much more effective campaigner for his cause. He was proud of being black and militant in his beliefs. But he also fully realized he was there representing the United States of America and wished only to make his protest known more widely. Smith had finished first in the new world record time of 19.8 seconds. Australian Peter Norman was second and Carlos third in the same time as Norman—20.0 seconds.

The American Negroes decided to register their salute to black power by a demonstration on the victory dais. Wearing black scarves around their necks, Smith a black glove on his right hand and Carlos one on his left, these two protested during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Both looked down towards the ground, their gloved hands thrust forward

and high with clenched fists in defiant salute. Earlier they had refused to accept their medals from the President of the International Olympic Federation, fellow American Avery Brundage; so Lord Exeter of Great Britain obliged. Peter Norman, the white Australian second-place getter, made no physical move to join the two Negroes. He was wearing a civil rights badge which newsmen misinterpreted as meaning his full support for their demonstrative action. Peter was quoted as having said many things, but this is what he actually says today:

"They showed the courage of their convictions, and their purpose of attempting to advance the Negro cause was entirely commendable. I am in sympathy with the objective of equality for all men, black or white. I think they erred, however, in making this a political issue. It is much more than that—it is a moral issue involving all of mankind. In reality the demonstration, although courageous, was fairly useless in gaining support for their cause. If anything, it probably gained a few extra votes for Governor Wallace in the United States elections."

Opinions were sharply divided on the action of these two extremists. Neil Allen, writing for the *London Times,* quoted Roger Bannister as saying: "It was a gesture conducted with dignity and poise, and all very memorable."

Fellow U.S. Negro Willie Davenport, the 110-metre hurdles gold-medalist, was aghast at Smith's and Carlos' actions. "I came here to win a gold medal—not to talk about black power." He stood tall and proud on the Olympic pedestal.

Confused and hurt, many Americans reacted to the demonstrations with a strong reprimand, and the U.S. Olympic Committee sent the two Negroes home.

I felt the two demonstrators had chosen the wrong institution at which to demonstrate. The Olympic Games Charter rings out loud and clear the very sentiments that these two are striving towards. It was a little like kicking a friend in the teeth. The outstanding predominance of the Negro in the track-and-field program earned much more sympathy for their cause than any defamatory demonstration could ever have hoped for. Greater men than Carlos and Smith have proved this in the past. Each Olympiad, the immortal Jesse Owens represents the U.S.A. And his sentiments are held in exalted praise of the principles behind the Olympic Games. Owens had much more to contend

with in the field of racial discrimination during those explosive 1936 Berlin Games than Smith and Carlos have ever dreamed of. Their protest may have been against discrimination back home in the U.S.A., but the sacred Olympic presentation pedestal is no place to air internal grievances. The American Negro has been treated with grave injustice in the past, and his protest is understandable. But the whole concept of the black power movement is extremist, and in so being, relegates itself to an inferior standing. The Negro athletes were not viewed in Mexico City as "performing animals" but as highly trained, almost-invincible athletic phenomena. They received just and appropriate recognition from a crowd that was there to appreciate sport at its very best.

Those who sought to make political capital out of this most treasured moment had missed the whole point of the spirit of the Olympic movement.

CHAPTER 20

THE MOTE IN THY BROTHER'S EYE

Race hatred in Africa today is more acute and more destructive than at any other stage in its modern history. As awakening tribes seek the power of government and the colonial European nations fade in influence, a new breed of authority is emerging. The real danger of racialism in reverse has now reached definable proportions. While in Southern Africa, I heard many stories to confirm this belief and saw examples of it in certain countries. Countries left to their own devices and given the freedom of self-determination are struggling to offset crippling economic difficulties, the enormous deficiency in general education, and the paralyzing destructive effect of tribalism.

I believe both the black and the white man have a place in modern Africa, provided he can be left alone to sort out his own problems. Many solutions to racial harmony have been offered, and most contain the elements of tolerance and patience so necessary for a fruitful coexistence. But I firmly believe that the only possible solution lies in the attitude of the individual. No amount of governmental legislation, educational facility or material contribution can make one individual like or get on with the other. Until Citizen Jones can look upon Citizen Ndhlovu as an equal, be he friend or foe, then all talk of racial harmony is hogwash. To be able to judge an individual as he is found, rather than by what he looks like, which skin colour is his or what specific church he frequents of a Sunday morning, is a precious asset.

The Government of the U.S.A, has commendably passed copious quantities of legislation declaring the Negro to be free and equal. But the spirit of this legislation has yet to be passed.

I sat in a cocktail lounge with two good American friends in a quiet suburb of Philadelphia. The pleasant bar attendant engaged us in casual discussion. A well-dressed Negro walked

into the lounge and waited at the other end of the bar. The bartender kept talking to us. After a few minutes I fidgeted about to remind him of the other customer. My friend's wife dropped her hand on my arm and said quietly, "Watch this and see for yourself—we are a long way yet from racial harmony."

In simmering anger I listened and watched. It was twenty minutes before the bartender finally sauntered to the other end of the lounge, tersely redeemed the order, and clattered the change carelessly onto the counter.

"Why?" I asked. "The man is well dressed. He is well behaved and entitled to enter the place."

My host ventured, "They don't want the Negro in the bar; they can't stop him, so things are made very unpleasant in the hope that the coloured citizen will not return. If a club wishes to exclude him, it simply puts up a sign—'Right of admission reserved'—and makes sure no Negro is ever nominated. We talk of equality and our laws are good, but the spirit of the law is as far away as ever."

At the individual level, and here alone, will this costly question of racial harmony be resolved.

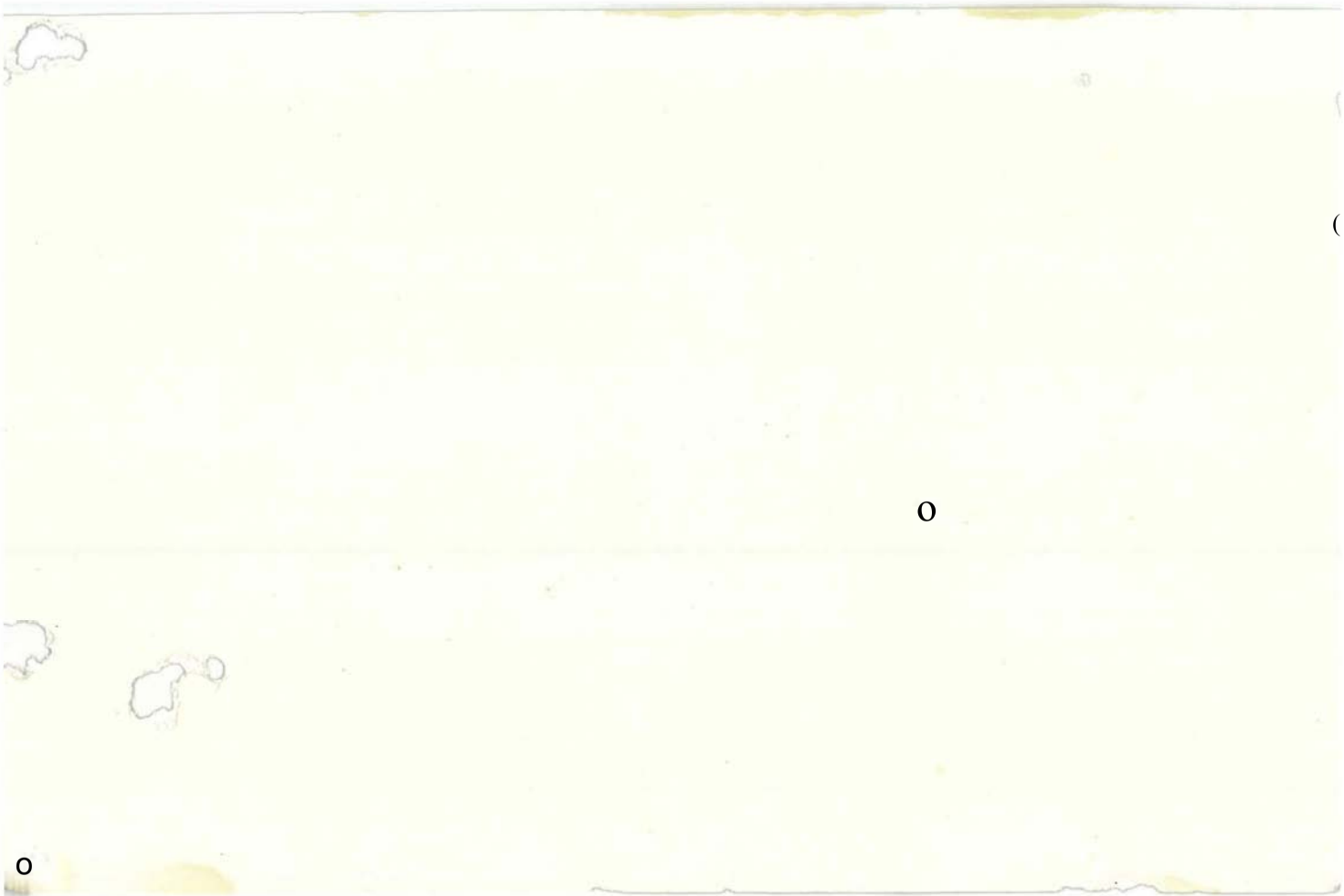
A poem written by a young student, Kepas Paon, at Malabunga High School, twenty-five miles inland from Rabaul on the New Britain Island of Papua and New Guinea, epitomises the gallantry of the individual in search of his fellow. It also depicts despair:

"I hear an old crying sound!
There is an old woman crying for food;
Now she is crying loudly,
But I don't know where it comes from.

But I don't know where it comes from,
She is calling out for food;
Crying on the sad air,
Making everything sad.

Making everything sad,
Reddening her face up,
She cries again for food;
And I cannot find the place
Where all the crying is made.

And I cannot find the place
Where all the crying is made,
Where her face is red with sorrow.
Old woman! Oh, old woman!
I am searching everywhere with food."



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About the Author

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